

THE
CONVENT:

OR, THE
HISTORY

OF
JULIA.

VOL. I.

THE
CONVENT
OF
HISTORY



VOL. I

J. Rowland

THE
CONVENT:

OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
JULIA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. LOWNDES, at his Circu-
lating Library, in Fleet-street.

MDCCLXVII.

THE
CONVENT:
OR THE
HISTORY
OF
JULIA.



LONDON:
Printed by T. Lowndes, at the City
Library, in New Street.
MDCCCXXII.

T-H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
J U L I A,

Daughter to the Baron DE VALLIERE.

L E T T E R I.

To LEONORA.

Paris.

♦♦♦♦♦ YOU leave me, *Leonora*—Ah!
♦ Y ♦ why at a time like this, does
♦♦♦♦♦ cruel necessity oblige you to
desert your friend! a time when my
VOL. I. B ungo-

2 *The History of JULIA.*

ungovernable heart so much needs your assistance and your advice, to aid my too weak efforts in restraining its late refractory emotions—I daily see the Marquis—see him ever lovely; alas, too lovely for my repose—I would shun him, but how is it possible? Continually of my cousin's parties, I meet him perpetually—It is believed he loves her; but ah, *Leonora*, his eyes have a thousand times told me the contrary—Why do I, with such delight, read their flattering language—How shall I oppose this dear, encroaching passion; a passion so contrary to my duty?—Inexorable Duty! must I then listen to your dictates, though to obey you must for ever destroy my peace?

The History of JULIA. 3

peace? — The Duke *de Montpensier* — my father's choice; approved by all my friends; approved even by myself — But what is a cold approbation to the warm sentiments of love? — Ah, I can never love him — Yet to what an alternative am I reduced, either to wed the man, who, as a husband, I regard with horror, or, what is equally dreadful, take the veil — There is no medium — What shall I do? How avoid the misery that awaits me? — There is no resource but this dreaded convent — Never will my father be prevailed on to break his engagement, never will he give up the prospect of an alliance so honourable to his family — His word is past — Ah, why was not my heart

4 *The History of JULIA.*

consulted? — Does, then, a parent's prerogative extend so very far? — Must the happiness of his child be sacrificed to his ambition? — Alas, how fruitless are my complaints; what will they avail? — But can I—O, no, *Leonora*, I never can consent—Heavens! Is it possible I should indeed be doomed to so severe a fate? — No, most amiable of men! thou only object that e'er warmed my heart to tender sensibility! though I can never be your's, yet will I never be another's—A convent, then—Ah, the dreary prospect! the solitary, joyless state! — Lost to the world; a world, to which I feel I cannot, without the utmost regret, bid an eternal adieu—True, its pleasures are transitory

The History of JULIA. 3

fitory and delusive, yet they infatuate me against my better judgment. The dear Marquis alone can give it charms, irresistible charms to me—But dare I indulge the flattering hope of being his—Ah no, my friend, a thousand obstacles oppose themselves, and drive me to despair—Engaged to another; my fortune small; he, like me, dependent on an ambitious father—Entangled by an affected passion for one, I am convinced, he never loved—Importuned by his friends, he consented to visit the Countess—but he acts honourably. I said he affected a passion for her—No, my dear, he is above disguise; his behaviour is cold and indifferent: Yet there is a gentleness in his manner, an ami-

6 *The History of JULIA.*

able assiduity and complacency with which, in common, he treats all our sex, that has here, I fear, been mistaken for warmer sentiments—What is wished is easily believed. That is but too visibly the case with my fair cousin—How will he extricate himself from a situation so embarrassing? This alliance, so advantageous to him, so earnestly wished for by his father, no reluctance on the Lady's part; that Lady one of the richest widows in *France*, young too, and even envy must allow her handsome—Ah, will he be able to resist such powerful temptations?—Yet has this envied rival such faults as—But I stop, lest prejudice should influence my pen—The engaging
Coulanges

The History of JULIA. 7

Coulanges has just left me. I have an infinite esteem for that amiable unfortunate girl—The Countess does not treat her with the generosity she merits—Humbled as she is by a cruel reverse of fortune, her birth entitles her to respect. Would I were permitted to take her under my protection; it should be my endeavour to make her life more happy, while I rejoiced in a friend, whose good sense and obliging temper would afford me the highest consolation—I must attempt it; I think my father will not deny a request so reasonable. She has had a difference with my fair cousin, and came to make her complaint to me. Nothing but the most servile submission on

8 *The History of JULIA.*

her part can reconcile them; to that her spirit will not stoop. Her resentment made her speak of that Lady with more freedom than I had ever before heard her—I am apt to think she did not, however, do her much injustice—Ah, cried she, weeping, why am I doomed to this dependent situation? — Mortifying reflection—Once I had reason to hope—But it is past, and I must submit to be the humble shadow, the echo of a capricious woman of fashion—On how precarious a tenure do I hold her friendship—I never could flatter, nor can I any longer divert the frequent *ennui*, from which a constant round of pleasure, perpetual engagements, is not able to secure her—I
have

The History of JULIA. 9

have lost that charm which first attached her to me—Ah, Madam, is it possible, in a situation like mine, to be gay?—No, the being assured I am expected to amuse, destroys the power: Constraint will ever banish sprightliness—Weary with continual efforts to render myself agreeable, I long to indulge my reflections, to taste that liberty to which I have so long been a stranger—I have vanity enough to think I merit some little regard on my own account, and not merely as I am subservient to her pleasure—But who will persuade the Countess of this? Incapable of a disinterested friendship, she regards me in no other light but that of her amuser, her preservative against the spleen, of equal

10 *The History of JULIA.*

importance with her smelling-bottle :
When her salts have lost their poignancy, and no longer serve to raise her spirits, they are thrown by as useless—Such is my fate—Since my melancholy has rendered me unfit (and, ah! what just cause have I to be so?) of continuing to be that entertaining companion she continually expects—In this manner ran on the dear complaining girl. To-morrow I leave *Paris* for a few months ; it was not without repeated intreaties I obtained the consent of my father—This dreaded marriage is his everlasting theme—With difficulty he at last granted me this short respite—but when I return—O heavens, I cannot bear the dreadful thought. I am
going

The History of JULIA. II

going to my aunt's; the Countess, who generally spends her summer there, accompanies me—You may believe I could have dispensed with the presence of my rival; but there is no remedy—I go, then—Ah, *Leonora*, I fly; but will flight assist my cure? I leave the charming Marquis; but alas, do I not likewise leave my heart? that heart which all my efforts cannot regain—He is not to be of the party—How shall I account for it? My cousin did not seem to wish he should; yet surely she does not suspect—No, it is impossible, since his eyes alone have discovered the dear secret even to me, and that by such stolen glances, as only watchful Love could observe—In our situation the

12 *The History of JULIA.*

utmost caution was necessary; they spoke, however, in a language so intelligible; alas, I too well understood them—Ah, shall I ever forget that dear moment, when, unobserved by the company, he, trembling with an almost involuntary motion, gently seized my hand, and pressed it, sighing, to his breast? Can I forget with what tender solicitude he watched my half averted face for the rest of the evening; that face, whose timid blushes but too visibly spoke his pardon? Ah, those happy days of infant love, when with such sweet reluctance I entertained the strange, the unknown guest, and yielded to its power, that irresistible power that still holds me in his chains—Do I
then

The History of JULIA. 13

then quit those soothing, though, alas, delusive joys? — Cruel duty, what greater sacrifice can you require? Yes, my friend, I leave this most amiable of men—But what can absence do?—I go to make the experiment.

Adieu.

JULIA:

L E T

14 *The History of* JULIA.

L E T T E R II.

To L E O N O R A.

AH, *Leonora*, what are the most beautiful rural scenes?—What the most agreeable parties?—The Marquis is not with us—Is it then possible they should be so to me—Alas, why indulge this unjustifiable weakness! I tire you, *Leonora*; blame my perverse pen; it leads me insensibly to the subject—a subject too near my heart—But let us talk of something else—Here is a croud of guests at my aunt's—The Chevalier, her nephew, amongst the rest; it
is

The History of JULIA. 15

is a handsome insipid soul as you ever met with; as vain of his charms as one of us; takes as much pains to shade his fair face from the sun; would not stir a step without his gloves, and flapped hat; talks incessantly, yet never to the purpose; makes pretensions to gallantry and politeness, yet can acquit himself in neither with any tolerable grace; ogles me unmercifully, but his pert eyes were never formed for the soft language of love; distorts his unmeaning features, in order to assume an air of languishment; pesters me to death with compliments, from which I hope, however, I shall now be relieved by the arrival of the lovely blooming Marchioness

16 *The History of JULIA.*

chionefs *de Stanville*. It is a true assertion, most women have no characters at all. She is the prettiest insipid soul you can imagine. I will not attempt a description of her charms, as I am sure I could not render them justice; and for her mind—a mere blank—the Philosophers have long been in search of a vacuum—Should you now chance to stumble upon any of these learned gentry, bid them speed their course to the *Chateau de Grignon*, where they will find what they have till now so vainly sought for, in the vacant looks, and more vacant mind, of the charming Marchioness—Another of our party is the Baron *de Chateauneuf*, a beau of the last age—

A slave

The History of JULIA. 17

A slave to the fair from his youth ; custom has rendered it a second nature ; he will be an enamorado were he to live to the age of *Methuselah* ; a soft obliging disposition ; a moderate understanding, not much improved by his added years ; he is the most assiduous foppish old soul you ever saw ; a connoisseur in beauty, and all that may preserve or improve it ; gives me receipts, and that with the most important air imaginable, for beautifying cosmetics ; tells one what coloured hat will best preserve the face from tanning ; what wash will destroy freckles. Then for dress—His own, indeed, is a little in the antediluvian stile, as he remembers that it once
became

18 *The History of JULIA.*

became him, and unfortunately forgets Time has made some slight alterations on his person. But for that of the Lady's—nobody is more conversant in the mode, and what fashion is most becoming; in short, he has all the fidgeting assiduous impertinence of an old bachelor—One is almost stifled by his precautions lest we take cold; hurried from our evening walks for fear of the dew; he intercepts the servants with our coffee, “Let it stand a-while to cool
“before you carry it to the Ladies; drinking it too warm destroys
“the teeth.”—He intermeddles with every thing, puts every thing into confusion, then adds to it by endeavours to remedy his faults—He is a
great

The History of JULIA. 19

great favourite with the Marchioness; delighted with his flattery, he supplies the absence of her mirror, keeps up the remembrance of her charms by continual encomiums—no great need of a monitor on that head, however—little fear of her forgetting, though for an instant, the only thing she has to boast of. We are engaged in a constant round of amusements, at least they pass under that name, tho' on me they have a quite contrary effect—This is not to live in the delightful country—We carry with us all our fashionable foibles, all our taste for town diversions; nay, not only our taste, but we spend our time just in the same manner as in *Paris*—The only change (some advantage,

20 *The History of JULIA.*

tage, it must be allowed) is, that instead of crowded streets, dust, and noise, we have here delightful prospects, pure air, and the harmony of the feathered choir — But our company take pains to conceal from themselves, as much as possible, even those pleasing changes of the scene, by spending, or rather killing, those hours at the card table, which might be spent so much more agreeably — We are immured in our carriages when we make what is called our rural excursions ; shut up, scarce enjoying a glimpse of the beauties of Nature — Of how many enchanting rambles are we, by this means, deprived ? How many extensive delightful prospects — I have no more leisure — no more of
my

my desired solitude, than when in town—A continual succession of company from the neighbouring seats all of the same turn of our party—Reluctant comers into the country, because it is the mode to do so—Accustomed to receive, dependent for their little share of happiness on others, no wonder they fly from themselves, as a guest with whom they have so slight an acquaintance, and who promises them so little pleasure, were they to endeavour at a greater intimacy—O what foils do I daily meet with to add a lustre to the perfections, the ten thousand graces of the charming *Sévigné*?—Why is he alone so perfect? Could I but see others equally lovely; equally worthy
my

22 *The History of JULIA.*

my esteem, by dividing it, my attachment to one dear object would be less violent—Alas, *Leonora!* where is there hopes of this? For is it not, perhaps, my creative love which gives him half his beauties?—If so, those beauties, however imaginary, must exist, and appear superior to all others, as long as my unhappy passion misleads or biases my judgment—Oh! my friend, why do I talk of him? — Why perpetually remind myself that he is not here?—Alas! can I forget it? custom has rendered his presence necessary to my happiness, and who is there now to supply his loss?

The moment I saw *Chateaufneuf* from my windows quickening his hob-

The History of JULIA. 23

hobbling pace towards the house, I guessed I should be interrupted.

I come, my good Baron — The Marchioness is angling — Never laid an unsuccessful bait — I must likewise try my skill; no fear of cold — I believe not, but of heat, Baron — O there is a charming cool shade of trees on the border of the canal; a security against tanning, of which you might otherwise be in some danger, from the sun's beams reflected from the water — I attend you in a few moments — Ah, I shall never keep my countenance; the officious soul has been fumbling this half hour, with his palsied hands, to tie on my hat — Continue your writing,
charm-

24 *The History of JULIA.*

charming *Julia*; never mind me —
I blush, Sir — Indeed I must not
suffer you to take this trouble —
Agnes, with your leave, shall supply
your place — I am too much ho-
noured: A valet de chambre like
you, Baron; indeed it must not be —
Keep your distance, good Mrs. *Agnes*,
I will not yield a prerogative to
which I have been so long accus-
tomed. The Ladies never refuse me
those little privileges. My whole
happiness consists in being useful to
them — Heavens, what a figure has
he made of me! — You must be my
guide, Baron; I am half blinded —
I tied it so on purpose, that it might
the better shade your fair face from
the sun — Very careful — I took the
liberty

The History of JULIA. 25

liberty of altering it, however —
must see, Sir—I should be sorry to
purchase a fine complexion at so dear
a rate as to lose the pleasure of fight
for it—He remonstrated; teized me—
I was obstinate; took my own way—
And now adieu; his patience is al-
most exhausted. I must attend him—

Believe me ever yours,

JULIA.

Vol. I.

C

LET-

26 *The History of JULIA.*

LETTER III.

TO LEONORA.

TELL me, *Leonora*, if his passion for the Countess was only dissimbled—Ah, tell me, was it necessary to carry his dissimulation so very far?—She has this morning received a letter from the Marquis—She is in high spirits—Can you doubt it?—made me her confidant on the occasion; not so far as to shew me his epistle, however, but part of its too tender contents—Heavens! was the amiable *Sévigné* then so tender in his expressions to her!—O my agitated heart! what am I to think of his conduct?—Alas, have I not too
much

much reason to believe that I am, in reality, the dupe of his artifice—Yet why should he deceive me? — Perhaps he did not — His inconstancy may be involuntary—The charms of the Countess — the importunities of his father — What objections can he make to an alliance so every way advantageous? — Objections, did I say? — Ah, do they any longer exist? — No; his tender, his very tender epistle is a proof — Once I had some reason—Yes, my dear, a thousand reasons, to think that his apparent passion for me would have proved an unfurmountable obstacle; nay, I vainly imagined he was forming schemes to disengage himself from a connection that so visibly embarrassed

28 *The History of JULIA.*

him—But ought I, *Leonora*, tell me, ought I, in justice, to wish him to abandon her to whom he is so dear? How selfish, how ungenerous, does this Love render one! Yet I endeavour, from specious reasons, to excuse myself. Fond of virtue, I must first be blinded by sophistical arguments, ere I can deviate from its dictates—I strive to persuade myself that an alliance where love is not mutual, must unavoidably be miserable; but that excuse is no longer left me, since she is, alas! no longer indifferent to him: And does my slighted love still exist, after such convincing proofs how little he deserves it? — Is it possible? — Does the Marquis, then, indeed, cease to
love

love me? Am I so soon forgot? — So short an absence, who could have believed him capable of such inconstancy? — What a tender friendship did he express for me! — Ah, why look back to those happy days, all extasy and joy! when he was continually near me, when he assiduously watched my looks, (connected by an endearing sympathy,) one soul seemed to actuate us both — My every wish was his, when his eyes were continually saying a thousand tender things, which his lips found no opportunity to utter—Alas! those charming delusions are fled for ever—Why have they so long misled me?—Forgive me, *Leonora*, I am again trespassing on your patience—This man, my con-

30 *The History of JULIA.*

stant, my everlasting theme—But I have done, I spare you, I know it must be tiresome—Those repetitions; yet how can I avoid them!—Can I think? can I talk of any body else?—O this inexcusable weakness!—We have another guest added to our party—The Count *de Rochefort*; he eclipses all our other beaux—Sensible, obliging, talks just enough, and always to the purpose—His person tall, graceful, and elegantly genteel—The Marchioness set him down for her captive the moment he made his appearance amongst us—I, you may believe, have no desire to make conquests; sufficiently embarrassed with my but half complicated one, I have but little inclination

The History of JULIA. 31

clination to be troubled with another; yet he looks at me so—I cannot describe how—But, I believe, he absolutely thinks the untitled *Julia* as amiable as her Ladyship—Ah, this teizing Baron—he brought me a new song—made me sing it—I am perfectly hoarse with obliging him—He sings two scraps of *Italian*—old ditties, in vogue in the days of yore, when he was on his travels—Horrible discord; the words minced from between his artificial teeth—Ah, do you know the obliging soul has actually had a serious conference with my *Agnes*, on the virtues of *May* dew? she has received his commands to gather some to-morrow morning before sun-rise, for the

use of my Ladyship, the best thing in the world, as he assures me, for the complexion—He will attend in person, lest the honest *Abigail* should wisely prefer her morning nap to the important task he has allotted her—Was there ever such an original?—I think I am beginning to supplant the Marchioness, who was at first his greatest favourite—And for what reason, do you think?—Even for the very weighty one of my having appeared attentive to the account he was giving us last night, to which nobody else had the complaisance to listen, of one of his youthful courtships, and the methods he took to gain a preference over his, as he then feared too successful rival—

The History of JULIA. 33.

rival—He seemed highly to enjoy the remembrance of it—It might be exceedingly clever for what I know—I heard not a word he said; my thoughts were far otherwise engaged—yet I appeared attentive—This was sufficient; he was satisfied—Happy those who are so easily so—Far happier than us, who, by a too great refinement, multiply our—at any rate too frequent sources of disappointment and regret—The Duke had threatened me with a visit, but his attendance on the King will detain him some time longer at *Paris*—Thank heaven I shall not then be so soon tormented with his odious assiduities—What recommends a favoured lover, has the quite contrary

34 *The History of JULIA.*

effect from those who are not beloved—
As an indifferent acquaintance, I
could esteem this man; I should
even think him handsome and agree-
able—But the moment he declares
his passion, all his graces vanish—
A great share of partiality is necessary
to render pleasing the language of
love; without this, the person ap-
pears ridiculous: Our passion casts a
veil over a favourite lover's imper-
fections; but not so his graces, those
we see through the magnifying glass
of a lively imagination—Yes, Count,
I understand that supplicating look—
You sue for my company, I think I
must oblige him, since he sets a due
value on it; they will not allow me
a moment's leisure for writing—
This

This tiresome croud — If dissipation could weaken my passion, indeed I would forgive them, and make use of the remedy, however unpalatable; but, ah, my dear, it is too deeply rooted in my heart — There is no antidote for this fatal poison — The Countess is so happy, so elate, (is it to be wondered at?) to be beloved by such a man; heavens, by whom! — by the charming *Sévigné* — Is it possible? — What a distinction! — The Count is here, always writing lovely *Julia*; happy those who are the subject of your pen — You are mistaken, Count, I was talking of myself, and yet I am not happy — I should be sorry to believe that, Madam; may you ever be so, though

36 *The History of JULIA.*

you destroy that of others—You displease me by this accusation, Sir—Yet it would be no wonder, since not possessed of happiness, that I do not dispense it—But why should that of others depend on me?—Those who are charming, like you, Madam, must decide the fate of thousands—Of no more, Count? (smiling,) you have allotted me a sovereignty, that will, I fear, be disputed by as many rivals as you allow me subjects—But tell me, Sir, what are your commands with me? if not very material, I would beg to be excused at present—My commands, Madam—Ah, say, rather, my humble requests—The new play you honoured, by expressing some
curiosity

curiosity to see, is just brought me; I was in hopes you would have permitted me to read it to you, and have favoured me with your judicious remarks—The Countess is already seated in your favourite alcove; the fair Marchioness is engaged with the Baron and Chevalier, in a learned dispute on the beauties of her new riding-dress; only your company, lovely *Julia*, is wanting to complete, to give charms to the party—And would you have me turn critic, Count, favour you with my remarks?—No, Sir!—I will listen to your's; those, and not mine, must determine the merit of the piece—I attend you, curious to hear what has been so much applauded,

38 *The History of JULIA.*

plauded, though our modern performances have, in general, very little but their novelty to recommend them—Ah, let us hasten to be gone—I said I would not criticise, and behold me already making my superficial remarks—Adieu, dear *Leonora*—I strive to divert my attention from one too interesting object, by every thing that presents itself, however trifling—With success—Alas, no, my friend, far from it—

Your's,

JULIA.

L E T

LETTER IV.

TO LEONORA:

I Protest, my dear *Leonora*, my temper will be quite ruined if things continue in this train—The troublesome assiduity of the men disgusts me; the impertinent caprice of the women is still worse—The former embarrass me; they follow me perpetually; I am constantly in a croud, though I so much desire to be alone; they seem to have entered into a combination to molest my peace. This coxcombical old man puts every thing into disorder—He will let nobody do any thing for me but himself;

40 *The History of JULIA.*

self; if I but move, if I but turn my head, he is offering his service—What does the charming *Julia* want?—I must allow him to fetch it—Is it my work, my fan, my lute? Away he hobbles, always brings the wrong, then pesters me with apologies—Sets off a second time to remedy his fault—commits a second blunder—I fret—Pray Baron let me give my own orders, and to those who can understand me—No, I may as well talk to the wind; nobody but himself must have the supreme felicity of serving me—I submit, weary of contending; any thing to get rid of his officiousness—Then I must play to him—The finest finger in the world; the greatest execution—In return, he
makes

makes verses—Horrid verses—Chuses me as the subject of his Muse—Compels me to read them—Nay, pray oblige me, he cries—Only just glance your fair eyes over them, you will own they are not much amiss—O, immensely pretty, very smooth and flowing—Yes, I think they are passable—The talent was born with me; there is no acquiring it; all your art of Poetry will be ineffectual, if Nature denies that gift—I believe so; pray take care of them; verses like yours ought to be secured under lock and key—They are for you, Madam; I would deposit them in your memory; that is the height of my ambition—Then you will never gain immortality, Baron. I have no memory, I
can

42 *The History of JULIA.*

can retain nothing—Just like myself—
You are a Wit, Sir, and Wits are
always said to have short memories—
But lock up your Poetry—The Count
laughs—The Marchioness half envies
me the distinction, but is a little con-
soled by the flattery and constant as-
siduity of the Chevalier—Next his
own sweet person, he honours her's
with the greatest attention—Their
understanding, so much alike, makes
them the prettiest company in the
world to each other—He is perpe-
tually dangling after her—They laugh,
they chat, they trifle from morning
to night, continually repeating the
same things, yet never weary with
the repetition—No wonder, indulged
in the only language he has a ca-
pacity

capacity for, Flattery—she listening to the only subject she desires to hear—the subject of her charms—The Countess, the envied Countess, she alone is truly happy, while unmolested she enjoys her delightful contemplations, and every moment tells herself she is beloved—Without regret she gives up the privilege (as some weak women esteem it) of attracting the unmeaning admiration of a croud. Satisfied—(ah, what reason has she to be so!) with the affection of one—That one of more value than all the rest of the sex—Yet what detains him from her?—Need I ask?—Nothing, doubtless, but absolute necessity could prevent his flying, on the wings of Love, to where his heart has taken up

44 *The History of JULIA.*

up its abode—Then he writes to her—
He beguiles the tedious hours of absence, by conveying, in that way, all the soft endearing sentiments she inspires—How have I been deceived in him—Once I flattered myself—But his epistle, his tender lover-like epistle—Was there occasion for that, if he wished, as I too long vainly believed, to disengage himself from a seeming passion?—Ah, no, my dear, self love had misled my judgment, and I am too late convinced, that his eyes spoke not a warmer language than that of friendship, tho' I, alas, mistook it for love—I am weary of these reflections, and no less weary of my present situation—Would I were permitted to return to *Paris*. Do not
put

put me upon examining my motives for this desire—Sure I cannot be so mean—No, he has no share in it; but I think I should be more at liberty—Would you believe I could have more leisure there than in the country? But it is certainly true: Here I have scarce a moment to myself; there I could form a thousand pretences to excuse my going into company, but now I am perpetually in a croud. Not only those I have mentioned to you, visitors are continually dropping in upon us, yet I must stay this summer, my aunt expects it, my father gave his consent—Ah, what could tempt me to ask it? It will never be over—My motives were laudable—I wished to be absent

46 *The History of JULIA.*

sent from the too charming Marquis—
Alas, what has not this absence cost
me? — Too sure it is a powerful
remedy for love, with him, at least—
I am already forgot—Yet let me
not accuse him wrongfully—Can
he be called inconstant, who, I now
fear, never loved?—Ah, would he
did not, since it is not your *Julia*
that is honoured with that distinc-
tion—Is it possible I should wish to
return to *Paris*? — Have I then
forgot the dreaded marriage that is
threatned?—To what a dreadful si-
tuation am I reduced when I think
of that; the time, which crept so
slowly, now seems to fly with hor-
rid rapidity—My aunt is subject to
the vapours, every thing disgusts
her,

her, she seldom joins in our parties of pleasure; while her guests are innocently chearful, she is shut up in her closet, adding to the natural sourness and unsociability of her temper, by reading books of devotion injudiciously chosen; from these morose lectures, she joins us, and damps the general gaiety, by severe reflections on the most harmless amusements of life; she admits of no indifferent actions; they are with her, and her Jansenist teachers, either religious or sinful; so that, by her account, we are almost continually engaged in the latter—She has complaisance enough, however, to let every one follow their own inclination—She only remonstrates,
and

48 *The History of JULIA.*

and tells us the consequence of our actions—Fond of company, though she affects a superior degree of sanctity and self-denial, she yet has the art of rendering her house, if not herself, tolerably agreeable to her guests, so that she is seldom without a number of young people about her, especially when her favourite, the Countess, on whom she generally prevails to spend the summer with her, is here; to that lady, she can deny nothing, and you may believe, she has no inclination to be without attendants. Indeed, an ostentatious devotion, like my aunt's, would be robbed of half its charms, if not made a parade of to others, and that it could
not

not be, did she live in that retirement she affects to contend for; as she lays no constraint on any body, so she is under none herself—At her stated hours of devotion, down go her cards, and away she hastens to huddle over her prayers; returns, and again engages in her favourite amusements: she denies herself none that are so, but then she, you are to know, does every thing from different motives. It is well the intention sanctifies the action, as she tells us it does, or I should be apt to think there is not a great deal of difference between her manner of spending her time, and us poor mortals, who soar not to such an exalted pitch of piety—With all

50 *The History of JULIA.*

this sanctity, she is the torment of her servants; daily does she read them, and that in none of the gentlest language, a morning lecture. An enemy to the softer passions, poor Love, finds no quarter from her—The least symptoms of it, in any of her domestics, and they are immediately expelled her community; so that her honest damsels are obliged to see their enamorado's by stealth, when their watchful *Argos* sleeps: a more dangerous season for assignations than the chearful face of day—I much fear, the sober Marchioness will have some *faux-pas* to answer for, which less severity might have prevented. I am far from being so great a favourite
with

The History of JULIA. 51

with this good devotee, as my cousin—No wonder: I cannot dissemble, though for my own interest. The Countess is of a different way of thinking; esteeming a little indulgence to her foibles an easy sacrifice, for the chance of sharing in her large fortune—A fortune, which her own affluent circumstances renders so unnecessary; but may she enjoy it—It is not the possession of that I shall ever envy her—Amongst all this society, I meet with none I set so high a value on, as the lovely, the amiable *Coulanges*, who is no longer a slave to the caprice of my cousin, but my friend and companion; like you, she is intrusted with the secret of my heart, like

D 2

you

52 *The History of JULIA.*

you consoles me by her tender sympathy—Adieu, my charming *Leonora*, continue to love me, and be assured mine will never know a decrease.

JULIA.

L E T.

L E T T E R V.

To L E O N O R A.

A Letter from the Duke—The Count hearing me this morning express some surprize that last night's post brought me none from you, very obligingly sent his servant early this morning, and came himself to deliver, not your agreeable expected packet, but that unwelcome letter—By the direction, he guessed, it was not from my female friend, and, lover like, gave himself pensive airs upon it, sighed when he presented it—With how enviable

54 *The History of JULIA.*

is the fate of him who has thus the liberty of addressing you, to that of the unfortunate who delivers it?— I slightly glanced my eyes over the contents—A great deal of love; a great deal of regret for being so long banished from my presence; a great many fears; and lastly, obliged to attend the King one month longer: knows not how he shall be able to support himself under an absence so tedious—In truth, I shall give myself but little pain on that head. How little impression do all his flourishing professions make on my heart! To do him justice, he does not write inelegantly—The most fervent passion breathes through the whole—Ah, why was it not from
the

the Marquis? How welcome would it then have been! — Unjustifiable weakness—Why do I indulge thee! O this eternal teaser, must I for ever be molested by his impertinence! — What now, Baron? — A nosegay of his own gathering, the colours judiciously blended; foils to each other's beauty; not an ill-placed flower amongst them — A pleasing contrast between the lilly and the rose; it requires as much taste, he tells me, to compose an elegant Bouquet, as to write a Sonnet — This he presented to me would exactly suit my complexion— The Chevalier, on the contrary, had gathered one for the Marchioness that absolutely made her look like

D 4 a fright—

56 *The History of JULIA.*

a fright — But, *a-propos*, Madam, I just now mentioned a Sonnet, and I, this very morning, on seeing you walking like another *Venus*, with grace in your steps, on the terras under my chamber windows, snatched up my pen, which sketched out my thoughts in these stanzas— Pray do me the honour to look over them — Unconscionable ! have you no mercy on my heart ! — Is it in woman to resist you, now you have given her an immortal name—Future ages will read with wonder, and scarce believe there could exist a form so perfect as that you have bestowed on me— But excuse me, Sir, I shall grow vain—I will not read them—Nay, Madam,

Madam, it would be cruel to refuse me, after all my trouble—I thought, Baron, you had snatched up your pen, and sketched out your ready thoughts in an instant—But you have had a great deal of trouble—My poor Baron, what recompence can I make you for thus racking your brain?—You mistake me, Madam, nobody writes with greater ease—Do let me read them to you, and you will be convinced, by the unconstrained numbers, that I did but wish, and straight the numbers came—Consequently I had no occasion to take a great deal of pains about it—I hope not, Sir—Shall I, lovely *Julia*?—Do you give me leave to read them, Madam?—

D 5

As

58 *The History of JULIA.*

As you please—The surprizing vanity of this old soul!—While I spoke, he was examining his long, lean, wizened face in my dressing-glass—Ah! it certainly must be a most flattering one, for he absolutely seemed pleased with the—shadow, in every sense of the word, that it reflected—His eyes, indeed, are greatly impaired, as well as his memory—the less wonder, that he can neither see nor remember he is old—Pity he could not persuade others to be equally complaisant—But the verses, my dear, pray observe, you will die with laughing.

S O N-

S O N N E T.

“Forth in the morning walk’d young

“*Julia* fair,

“As I conjecture, for to take the Air—

“The Queen of Love has no more stately

“port,

“When round her form the Graces all

“resort.

“Her eyes, like lightning, dart their pierc-

“ing glance,

“I see—and straight my heart begins to

“dance.

“While *Cupid* wings an arrow from his

“bow,

“And lays me captive at her feet so low ;

“Then straight my Muse keeps buzzing

“in my brain,

“You oft have sung her charms—but sing

“again,

D 6

“Tell

60 *The History of JULIA.*

“ Tell her she’s fairer than the blooming
“ flow’rs,
“ Sweeter than all this poetry of ours,
“ Softer than velvet, or the rich tobine,
“ In short, she looks, she speaks, she moves
“ a Queen.”

How do you like it, Madam?—O ravishing—melliflence—every thing—but the last line, charming *Julia*!—It cost me some pains—I hit it off at last, however—This is what we Poets call the pathetic, the repetition of the—she—has something very flowing in it—O Baron, it is exceedingly moving—ay, that is what I aimed at; nor is it deficient in some places of the lofty and sublime—that line in particular—

“ Her

“ Her eyes, like lightning, dart their piercing glance.” —

Raising his voice, while he spoke—
Ah! very fine, Sir—quite in the
Homer style—Yes, I think, that was
pretty well—Then, in another verse,
where I make my Muse pay you
a compliment—That was a bright
thought; a just piece of machinery
properly introduced—Do you re-
member it, Madam?—O yes, care-
lessly—Repeat it, then, if you please;
it will receive double charms from
your sweet voice—No, excuse me,
Baron; I cannot pretend to do it
justice—Was there ever such an ori-
ginal? I will lay my life, the next
whim that seizes him will be an
ima-

62 *The History of JULIA.*

imagination that I am in love with his reverend person—It is not at all improbable, I assure you, ridiculous as it may appear—My natural complaisance, which induces me to indulge him in his foibles—Indeed, his oddities sometimes amuse me—But this complaisance, I say, will be to a genius of his turn, a sufficient foundation for a supposition as preposterous as this—

My dear *Coulanges* has just left me; she has been with the Countess all this morning—Her Ladyship begins to repent the little value she set on her friendship, and now wishes she would once more consent to live with her, promising, for the future,

The History of JULIA. 63

future, to be more just to her merit. She was violently low spirited, it seems—Ah! what cause can she have to be so?—That ought to be reserved for the forsaken *Julia*—Would give the world she had any person in whom she might, with safety, confide, wishes to reveal the secret that oppresses her heart—What, cried she, is my wealth and grandeur, since they cannot purchase me one true friend? *Coulanges* mentioned me, as one who, besides being a relation, had always professed an esteem for her—Ah! name her not, returned she; *Julia* is the last person I should think of on such an occasion; nor must I now open my mind to you, *Isabella*—
You

64 *The History of JULIA.*

You are in her confidence; you cannot be faithful to both—Why not, Madam?—Let us talk no more of it, said the Countess, I dare not trust you now—I was to blame to use you as I have done, but you are revenged; to lose you at a time like this; a time, when I so much wanted your assistance and advice—But leave me, *Isabella*; I know this conversation will be repeated to my cousin—What can I collect from all this, *Leonora*—I am in a maze—Surely the Marquis—But I need not puzzle my brain to unriddle what is inexplicable—Adieu, our fair Marchioness sends for me.

Yours,

JULIA.

L E T.

L E T T E R VI.

To LEONORA.

Chateau de Gramont.

WE are upon a visit at the sweetest place in the world. The Marquis *de Gramont* has an exquisitely fine taste, and has laid out his grounds in the most elegant manner—I enjoyed this morning (for we arrived here last night) the most enchanting solitary ramble you can imagine—

“ The sky was smiling and serene,

“ And all around the fields look’d gay

“ with plenty,

“ While the refreshing gales,

“ Fanning

66 *The History of JULIA.*

“ Fanning their oderif’rous wings, dis-

“ pense

“ Native perfumes.

Amidst these charming rural scenes I wandered, enjoying my contemplations, engrossed by the idea of an object that gave new charms to all the rest. But how transitory are our pleasures : I had hardly begun to taste the delights of meditation and retirement, when the unexpected appearance of the Marquis chased the gawdy vision from my mind, and obliged me to enter into a conversation far less pleasing than my thoughts had been ; yet he certainly is a most sensible engaging man—pity he has not made a more suitable choice of a Lady, one whose refined

The History of JULIA. 67

refined understanding might have rendered her a fit companion for one of his sentiment and delicacy—but far otherwise is it with the Marchioness; with a perpetual affectation of vivacity she knows not what true gaiety means, has hardly a word to say, yet boasts of a continual flow of spirits, and what a merry creature she is—If this consists in a briskness in her motion, then, indeed, I allow she is lively enough, for she scarce sits a moment in a place, and when she moves it is with a kind of jerk, a sort of dancing step when she walks—Every thing is in motion but her tongue—it is well for her, perhaps, that is content to lye still—yet she affects to be a Wit—The
truth

68 *The History of JULIA.*

truth is, she has good health, a great deal of agility, and could cut a caper, or run a race, as wittily as any woman in *France*—I have seen Ladies with fewer pretensions, and those of the same nature too, honoured with that character—Her person is below the middle size, thin to excess; her face long, meagre, fallow; her behaviour pert, inelegant—After all, this woman, so unamiable in appearance, would be esteemed an excellent wife by the generality of mankind—Nobody is a greater manager, gives genteeler entertainments, keeps their servants in better order: she is always busy though a woman of quality; furnishes her apartments with her own work—To sum up her character

The History of JULIA. 69

racter in one word, she is what we call a notable woman—one of those domestic beings with little understanding, no wit, but a great deal of œconomy, and spirit enough to scold her domestics—Such a one as is generally chosen by your very prudent men, who look on a wife in no other light than as a housekeeper, or upper servant, and marry only that they may have a person with whom they may safely trust the management of their families—What a companion is this for the elegant Marquis, who has so much taste, so much understanding, and who can relish none but the most refined pleasures?—Ah, what a source of uneasiness must this refinement be to him—

Yet,

70 *The History of JULIA.*

Yet, would you believe it possible, this man, endued with so many accomplishments, so much good sense, is an absolute slave to the caprice of his wife—The Chevalier *de Gramont*, his youngest brother, (not the finest Gentleman, as is generally the case,) is a tall, inanimate, handsome fop, sufficiently conceited—Happy for him that he is so—For, could he see his own insignificancy, he must be wretched; since nothing is so mortifying as to be out of conceit with one's self—The reason why fools are seldom so, is, that not having sense enough to discover it in others, in reality, not knowing what good sense is, they cannot distinguish the difference between those who have, and those who have it
not,

not, believing themselves, therefore, as wise as their neighbours—Self-love even turns the balance in their own favour, and they think no body so clever as themselves—Happier in their ignorance than those whose superior understandings form a juster judgment; since, if they see their own excellencies, they are likewise sensible of their defects—Sufficiently apprized of the Countess's large fortune, he ogles, by turns, her and the fair Marchioness; guarded, by that means, against a disappointment—If repulsed by the first, the latter is still (to speak in the military stile) a *corps de reserve*—He receives from the blooming Marchioness the greatest encouragement, accustomed to be pleased with

72 *The History of* JULIA.

with every one who is properly sensible of her charms—She pays him a distinction in common with all her admirers—Not so, my fair cousin; though, like the rest of her sex, no enemy to flattery—yet some secret uneasiness, of which I cannot divine the cause, makes her, at present, but little inclined to give ear to his impertinence—She is visibly disquieted; but, as I never had the honour to be her confidant, so I shall give myself but little trouble to obtain that privilege—Adieu, *Leonora*, I tire you with a thousand trifles—Excuse me—Adieu—Once more

Yours,

JULIA.

LET-

L E T T E R VII.

To LEONORA.

GOOD Heavens! my dear friend, how I am agitated! — A letter was brought me — I knew not the hand, yet my fluttering heart told me I should not read it with indifference — Ah no, *Leonora*, how was it possible I should? — It came from the Marquis — He writes to me, my friend — The dear *Sévigné* avows his love; he is jealous — Read it, my dear, and join with me in condemning his injustice.

L. E T T E R.

“ DOES the lovely *Julia* yet deign
 “ to honour with a place in her me-
 “ mory that *Sévigné*, who was once
 “ permitted the envied felicity of be-
 “ ing called her friend — but who
 “ presumptuously aspired — Yes, Ma-
 “ dam, my heart, not satisfied even
 “ with that distinction, aspired to a
 “ yet more exalted happiness—Could
 “ I behold your charms, and confine
 “ its feelings to the cold sentiments
 “ of friendship?—No, my breast has
 “ ever glowed with a more animating
 “ flame. My eyes must long ago
 “ have revealed a secret, which my
 “ timidity will hardly now permit
 “ me

“ me to avow. And why should
“ I, since I can no longer hope
“ for that return which alone must
“ constitute the happiness of my
“ life—The envied, the favoured *de*
“ *Rochefort*, engrosses that felicity I
“ would die to purchase—I am well
“ informed of the distinction with
“ which he is honoured—Yes, Ma-
“ dam, though at a distance, I am
“ no stranger to those blissful hours
“ he enjoys with you at *Grignon*
“ *Castle*—Those swiftly flying hours,
“ in which he too successfully pleads
“ his passion, and obtains your smil-
“ ing approbation—But forgive me;
“ I have no right to complain—
“ The importunities of my friends—
“ The commands of my father at

76 · *The History of JULIA.*

“ last prevailed on me to visit the
“ Countess—But, spite of her charms,
“ I saw her with indifference—You
“ alone, Madam, your beauty, your
“ amiable perfections, could teach my
“ heart to love—Not all the obsta-
“ cles that presented themselves were
“ able to discourage my growing pas-
“ sion—Engaged to the Duke, I
“ the less feared him as a rival—
“ Since not your’s, but your fa-
“ ther’s choice authorized his addres-
“ ses. It was not, indeed, likely he
“ should ever be prevailed on to re-
“ cede from his engagement, his pro-
“ mise so solemnly made to that
“ Nobleman—But since your heart
“ opposed the alliance, was there not
“ some room for me to hope?—
My

The History of JULIA. 77

“ My situation is equally embarrass-
“ sing — but powerful Love listens
“ not to the cold and prudent dic-
“ tates of Reason. It would urge
“ me to undertake impossibilities —
“ I wrote some time ago to the
“ Countess, unable to support your
“ absence. I asked her permission
“ to attend her at the Marchioness’s;
“ from what motive I know not,
“ but she refused my request—I wrote
“ again, and, with all the delicacy
“ such a confession would admit of,
“ declared myself incapable to do
“ justice to her charms—Though I
“ never made any particular avowal
“ of a passion for her, yet, knowing
“ the intention of my father, she
“ might have some reason to expect

78 *The History of JULIA.*

“ I should—It was necessary to un-
“ deceive her—Greatly as she may
“ be offended at my sincerity, she
“ would yet have had more reason
“ to reproach me, had I dared to
“ trifle in an affair like this, when,
“ imagining me her Lover, she might
“ have honoured me with a parti-
“ ality to which it is not in my
“ power to make a suitable return—
“ I have endeavoured to act as be-
“ comes a man of honour—Let my
“ heart acquit me, and I am satis-
“ fied—At present I doubt not she
“ will, without reluctance, part with
“ one who, if an admirer, so coolly
“ supported that character, and whose
“ place may easily be supplied by
“ a worthier object—My father is
“ in-

“incensed at my conduct, though
“he knows not that my affections
“have taken the liberty to dispose
“of themselves without his permis-
“sion—Yes, lovely *Julia*, ’tis you
“alone can render me happy—But,
“ah! dare I flatter myself?—This
“rival, this last worst bar to my
“desired felicity—Pardon me; I will
“check my pen, lest I offend you—
“Deign to honour me with a few
“lines—I request the favour on my
“knees—Tell me, must I despair,
“or dare I hope—Permit me to
“come to *Grignon*—I can no longer
“support your tedious absence—Let
“me in person assure you, that, in
“spite of every obstacle, I can never
“cease to adore you—

“SEVIGNE.”

80 *The History of JULIA.*

Ah, *Leonora*, let me, without examining the consequence, indulge the delightful — the unspeakable pleasure of this tender assurance; that I am beloved — beloved by the Marquis — that all my fears are groundless — Ah, the unjust accuser! — Are not his equally so? — But I must remove them — Does his happiness depend on me? — Alas! would it did, how secure would it then be — I do not ask myself, If I ought to write to him. — If it is prudent — If it is not contrary to my duty — He requests it — He is uneasy — Let me, then, hasten to remove his uneasiness — to remove his causeless suspicion — Yet let me consider one moment — My reason will oppose the dictates of my heart — Why

— Why should I encourage a passion I shall never be permitted to reward—My inexorable father, faithful to an engagement, which his honour forbids him to violate, obstinately determined to leave me no choice—but a hated marriage, or to be for ever immured within the joyless walls of a cloyster—Would my *Séigné*—which yet his friends will never permit him to do, accept my hand, without a fortune; even then, my father, inflexible and tenacious of his word, would still refuse his consent—And can I—No, *Leonora*—I shudder at the bare idea of such a breach of duty—I will never—(Heaven would punish me, were I guilty of a fault like that)

82 *The History of* JULIA.

dispose of my hand contrary to his approbation—What then remains?—Ah, my friend, the Marquis believes he has a favoured rival—He is unhappy—He intreats me to write—Yes, I must write to him—let the consequence be what it will.

Adieu,

JULIA.

L E T T

LETTER VIII.

To LEONORA.

I Have wrote to the Marquis—I will not send you a copy of my letter—I am not half pleased with it—My heart would dictate to my pen, in spite of the reserve I endeavoured to assume—Incapable of disguising my sentiments—I know none of my sex's artifice—Yet I believe, I did not say too much—I mistake my thoughts for my letter—Those are, indeed, sufficiently tender—It is gone—Let us talk no more of it—

E 6

My

84 *The History of JULIA.*

My cousin's low spirits are no longer a mystery—They are pretty well recovered, however, or she has the art to dissemble her chagrine; perhaps, our new-come guests have found a method to console her—the Chevalier *de Roselle* is remarkably handsome—Has ever met with a gracious reception from the Ladies—His eyes are well disciplined, and go through all the soft evolutions of the timid—the assured—the languishing lover, with the greatest expertness—Nor is his tongue less eloquent in its allotted province—He has all the language of love by rote; and repeats, with great facility, the sentiments of a passion, to which his heart ever has, and ever will be,
a stran-

The History of JULIA. 85

a stranger—After all, I believe your weak people acquit themselves best in this ; it consists, in general, of a good deal of soft nonsense ; this is natural to them ; they act in character — But the man of sense, obliged to lay aside his wisdom, while he pleads the cause of *Cupid*, to assume a character not his own — no wonder it fits less gracefully — and gives him an embarrassed air of constraint — Nobody trifles more agreeably than the gay *Roselle* ; but the misfortune is, he can do nothing but trifle — His sister is here — tall, aukward, with a tolerable face ; a moderate understanding, but is an excellent mimic, without being sensible of that gift ; neglecting the
pecu-

86 *The History of JULIA.*

peculiar character that Nature allotted her, she, *Proteus* like, is perpetually assuming, by turns, those of all her acquaintance — Like a bad mirror, she reflects an indifferent likeness, a sort of caricature of all who are near her — Now gay, now grave — yet, upon the whole, neither one thing, nor other — The Marquis *de Gramont* gives a ball to-night — We are to be there — The Count *de Rochefort* has engaged me for his partner on the occasion — Dress demands my presence at the toilet — And see, my old Beaux comes opportunely to give me his opinion in that important article — My stars, what has he been doing to himself! — A wig, like Lord *Fopington's*, that
shews

The History of JULIA. 87

shews nothing but the tip of his nose — A short coat of *French* silk, sufficiently buckramed — A bouquet of artificial flowers stuck in his button-hole — Did ever mortal see so grotesque a figure? — I must, he says, smile my approbation of his new suit — I will do more, Baron, I will laugh it — But adieu, my dear, I reluctantly take my leave.

JULIA.

LET

38 *The History of JULIA.*

LETTER IX.

To LEONORA.

I Have this morning been greatly entertained with a dispute between the Chevaliers *de Roselle* and *Grignon*. It was really diverting to see with what a supercilious air they eyed each other, as if conscious of a superiority, though were they weighed in an equal balance, neither of them would turn the scale; so much alike in their understandings, their taste, their merit — The Marchioness, the fair, the lovely Marchioness occasioned their difference, and enjoyed, with no little satisfaction, the triumph of her charms — The
Count

The History of JULIA. 89

Count intreats the favour of my company—What can he want?—I wish he may not be going to declare himself my lover; his eyes have already told me so a thousand times, but if he speaks more plain I shall have no patience, I shall not be commonly civil—Was not the Marquis jealous on his account?—Ah, I cannot bear the thoughts he should entertain a passion for me: What displeases the dear, the amiable *Sévigné*, must ever produce in me the same effect—Perhaps I am alarmed without a cause. The Count is intitled to my esteem; there is but one way in which he can forfeit it—Let him talk to me on any subject but one, and I will listen to

to him with pleasure — Let him, however, be aware of that one, or we are no longer friends — He expects me — I ought not to make him wait; he is intitled to my complaisance — Yes, my dear, I must attend him — You see how I am interrupted; perpetually teased by somebody or other — The Count is the best of them, however — The most sensible and agreeable — But he waits.

Adieu,

JULIA.

L E T-

L E T T E R X.

To LEONORA.

AH, *Leonora*, the Marquis has been here—He is gone—Good Heavens, what will become of me? He believes me false—O this vile Count—How shall I tell you what has happened?—Why did I indulge him? My presaging heart warned me not to go—I shall never be able to undeceive him—He believes me false, *Leonora*—Such convincing appearances—But I will try—I accompanied the Count into the garden, we walked for some time, talking on indifferent subjects, till, a little weary

92 *The History of JULIA.*

weary with my ramble, we sat down in a pleasant bower, at the end of a long gravel walk which leads to the house—I was hardly seated, when the odious man (I must call him so) suddenly cast himself at my feet, and began talking; heaven knows what he said, I heard not a word—I remonstrated, I intreated him to rise—Tried to disengage myself, (for he had the presumption to take my hand;) he would not quit it—I was in violent agitation, when, at that fatal moment, chancing to cast my eyes towards the house—I saw the Marquis!—Yes, *Leonora*, it was he, it was himself; he was not far distant from us, but on seeing that I observed him, he hastily turned away—

way—I screamed—I pushed the Count from me, and sprung out of the bower—I was even so indiscreet (unable to govern my emotions) as to call upon the name of my lover—But he heard me not—He would not hear me, but was out of sight in a moment—Ready to faint, I had hardly strength to reach the house—I hoped to have found him there, I was impatient to undeceive him, to vindicate my conduct—But I fought for him in vain—I enquired of the domestics, no body had seen him—Ah, *Leonora*, he is gone!—He believes me false; I shall never see him more—Good heavens, can I bear that cruel reflection?—I will write to him—Ah,
must

94 *The History of JULIA.*

must I, my friend? — Can I condescend? Yes, any thing rather than he should believe me unworthy of his love — The Count, as well he may, is astonished at my behaviour to him — He saw the Marquis, but knew not who he was — Nay, from the slight glimpse he had, I doubt not, he mistook him for one of our guests; what then must he think of me? — He must certainly imagine I had never before received a declaration of love, and was ashamed to find there was a witness to a scene, that, whatever he may think, is sufficiently ridiculous. Ah, let him make his own conjecture, that is the least of my concern — The Marquis, the amiable *Sévigné*, believes me dissembling

The History of JULIA. 95

sembling and inconstant—Ah, let me
hasten to undeceive him.

Adieu,

JULIA.

L E T.

L E T T E R X I.

To L E O N O R A.

HE vouchsafes not to answer my letter—I die with confusion at my condescension—Ought he to have formed so rash a judgment from appearance?—Why did he not seek to be either convinced, or else to be made sensible of his error?—What an opinion must he have of me after my letter?—Ah, I blush to think I ever wrote to the ingrate, if he believes me that coquet! And what else can he esteem me, but one of the most artful of that character, while I take such pains

The History of JULIA. 97

pains to deceive? — Ah, can the Marquis entertain so injurious an idea of me; of her whom he once judged worthy of his love! — On what then was this love founded? — Alas, on qualities which he now believes I no longer possess, and therefore he no longer loves! — Pity me, *Leonora*; I never till now was completely wretched, yet obliged to conceal my wretchedness — O the disagreeable restraint of being under a necessity to assume an air of ease, when the mind is so disquieted! — To live continually in a croud, to be teased with their impertinence. Your dear letters, and the company of the amiable *Isabella*, are my only consolations — This coxcomb — this empty,

98 *The History of JULIA.*

shewy fop, has taken it into his head, to add to the list of my tormentors: my patience is quite exhausted—The Count has been remarkably grave and thoughtful ever since our last ridiculous *tête à tête*—But he keeps his grief to himself, and is silent, as he ought to be; would they were all so—This teasing *Roselle* follows me perpetually—He talks, he flatters, he will not be repulsed—What shall I do to get rid of him?—Would the time were come, when he is to begin his intended journey. In a few days he talks of going to *Rome*, but the day has often been fixed, and he has as often changed his mind—Trifling fop—He pretends this irresolution

The History of JULIA. 99

solution is on my account; if he wishes to oblige me, why does he not go, that is the only method he can take—But he stays, he torments me—Ah, he will never give me the pleasure of wishing him a good journey—It is the only compliment I desire to pay him—Behold another of my plagues, the Baron—He is here—The Count is reading some beautiful Pastorals—Every body is in raptures with them—I must make one of his auditors; they are all assembled in the summer-house—Only my company is wanting—He came on purpose to fetch me; no pleasure is complete to him without I am a sharer in it—I am much obliged to you, Baron, but you see I am en-

gaged, and must positively finish my Epistle—Excuse me, Madam, I cannot possibly return without you; there is such a striking resemblance between some of these Poems and mine, I beg you will hear them, and I doubt not you will make the same remark—No, Sir, you have saved me that trouble, I will take your word—I can rely on your judgment—Ah, there is no getting rid of him, he will not leave me; he talks; I know not what I write—he has broke a string of my lute. Come, Baron, I must go with you, to keep you out of mischief—Nay, no apologies—The Count will remedy your fault; you must get him to tune it; you will not hear your favourite song

The History of JULIA. 101

song to-night for this—Adieu, my dear, the obliging soul is so sorry for what he has done, that I cannot find in my heart to chide him—I must attend him, his servant is ordered to follow us with the instrument—

Yours,

JULIA.

F 3

LET-

L E T T E R XII.

To LEONORA.

HEAVENS!—Not receive my letter—What does he mean?—My thoughts are all perplexity—Ah, how truly miserable has his made me: but read it, my dear, I am incapable of writing—Judge if I have not reason—He bids me an eternal adieu—Alas, he no longer loves me, then—How could he prevail on himself to pronounce that cruel word—

L E T.

L E T T E R.

“HALF prepared for the fatal
“scene to which my eyes were wit-
“ness, by your not deigning to
“answer my letter, I yet fondly en-
“deavoured to deceive myself, nor
“would give credit to the reports
“I heard—Determined to free my-
“self from a painful suspense, I
“came privately to *Grignon*, since
“not permitted to make the ear-
“nestly requested visit — That my
“suspicions might there be confirm-
“ed, or those anxious doubts re-
“moved that were grown insup-
“portable—I came—Ah, Madam,
“I did not wait long—Too soon

“ were those doubts exchanged for
“ cruel certainty, and all my flatter-
“ ring hopes destroyed — But I do
“ not complain ; I have no right
“ even to that trifling consolation.
“ The feelings of our hearts are in-
“ voluntary — It is my misfortune,
“ that you cannot love me—But a
“ misfortune, for which I ought not
“ to reproach you — Yet, why did
“ you once?—Alas, I deceived my-
“ self!—The delusion was too pleas-
“ ing ; I durst not examine into its
“ reality, while you sweetly smiled—
“ While you heard me with seem-
“ ing pleasure, while you allowed
“ me the title of your friend, I
“ thought — But I was presumptu-
“ ous—Ah, that presumption is suf-
“ ficiently

“ ficiently punished—Yet, pity me,
“ Madam—You know not what it
“ is to love, and to despair as I
“ do — Heaven forbid you ever
“ should—No, may you be happy
“ ever, though my envied rival is a
“ sharer in it. For since he is ho-
“ noured with your partiality, I am
“ convinced he must have merit—
“ I write to you, Madam, for the
“ last time—No more shall the un-
“ fortunate *Sévigné* presume to disturb,
“ for a moment, those agreeable ideas,
“ by his despised letters, if you
“ deign to read them — May every
“ felicity attend you, is the fervent
“ wish of him, who now bids you
“ an eternal adieu—

“ DE SEVIGNE.”

F 5.

AN

An eternal Adieu — Ah, *Leonora*, can I bear that? No—I must write; yet to what purpose? since it is plain my letters are intercepted — Who can I suspect of this treachery? — Unfortunate that I am, what method can I take to deceive him? to convince the amiable, the too rashly judging *Séigné*, that I am yet no less than ever worthy of his love; of that love, without which I must for ever be wretched — My letters could not miscarry — What am I to think of his not receiving them? — The Countess? — But she does not suspect his passion for me, nor can I believe her capable of such baseness. Yet I certainly have some
secret

secret cruel enemy — The Count? —
No, he has too much honour —
Who then can it be? — The Duke? —
Ah, my thoughts are all confusion — What will become of me?
I cannot live if he abandons me —
Would to heaven I might return to
Paris — But that consolation is denied me — And why, indeed, should I wish it, since I should there be tormented with the presence of my —
Ah, let me not call him lover —
But when we are unhappy, we vainly imagine we should be less so in any place than where we are — Alas,

“ ’Tis not the change of place content-

ment brings,

“ From our own mind the satisfaction

“ springs.”

108 *The History of JULIA.*

Never mind was so little qualified to administer that as mine at present — Ah, will it ever be otherwise? — No, *Leonora*, if the Marquis forsakes me, if his unjust suspicions are not timely removed, my torments will end but with my life — How much do I stand in need of the consolation, the truly sensible advice of my *Coulanges* — But she is not here — Why did she make a visit at a time so unseasonable for her friend? Adieu, I am going to be pestered with impertinence; thank heaven he begins his journey for *Rome* to-morrow.

JULIA.

L E T.

L E T T E R XIII.

From ISABELLA to LEONORA.

ALAS, Madam, I am going severely to afflict you — Never was there so unexpected, so unaccountable an event; but I know the charming *Julia* too well to join with her aspersers — No, Madam, I am convinced some base treachery has been practised against her — I dare hardly venture even to hint it to you — But I must own, I half suspect the Countess — She is cunning, artful, and dissembling — It was but too visible, she greatly envied the beauty, the superior graces of your lovely

110 *The History of JULIA.*

lovely friend—I am inclinable to believe she has, by some means, been made acquainted with the Marquis's passion—A conquest, which she once imagined was reserved for her—A conquest, that was not given up without the most mortifying regret; as I am convinced, he had made no small progress in her heart, though he never took the least pains to gain that distinction. To whom then can we so likely attribute the loss of the charming *Julia*?—Ah, Madam, how sincerely am I concerned for what has happened—How does the—till now unfulfilled reputation of that lovely, that virtuous maid, suffer by this strange, this sudden seeming flight—But let me endeavour to satisfy

The History of JULIA. 111

tisfy your curiosity, by relating the particulars of this fatal event.

The Chevalier *de Roselle* was to set off on his journey early yesterday morning; he took his leave of the family the preceding night — None seemed less to regret his going than your friend, to whom his behaviour had, however, been so particularly assiduous, that every one gave him to her as a lover—You know, Madam—(but nobody will believe this now,) how little encouragement she gave to his passion—Nor was it to be wondered at, though a general favourite with the Ladies, and one who is supposed to have made them pay pretty dear for that favour — Yet the fair *Villiers* had

110 *The History of JULIA.*

lovely friend—I am inclinable to believe she has, by some means, been made acquainted with the Marquis's passion—A conquest, which she once imagined was reserved for her—A conquest, that was not given up without the most mortifying regret; as I am convinced, he had made no small progress in her heart, though he never took the least pains to gain that distinction. To whom then can we so likely attribute the loss of the charming *Julia*?—Ah, Madam, how sincerely am I concerned for what has happened—How does the—till now un sullied reputation of that lovely, that virtuous maid, suffer by this strange, this sudden seeming flight—But let me endeavour to satisfy

The History of JULIA. 111

tisfy your curiosity, by relating the particulars of this fatal event.

The Chevalier *de Roselle* was to set off on his journey early yesterday morning; he took his leave of the family the preceding night — None seemed less to regret his going than your friend, to whom his behaviour had, however, been so particularly assiduous, that every one gave him to her as a lover—You know, Madam—(but nobody will believe this now,) how little encouragement she gave to his passion—Nor was it to be wondered at, though a general favourite with the Ladies, and one who is supposed to have made them pay pretty dear for that favour — Yet the fair *Villiers* had
too

too just a taste — Was too great a judge of true merit, even though her affections had been disengaged, which we are sensible they were not, to feel any partiality for a man so little intitled to her esteem — But I digress from my subject — Let me try to resume it with more connection — Early on the morning of his intended journey, the domestics, who have been questioned, saw the amiable *Julia* — But, indeed, it has lately been her custom to walk before breakfast, almost the only time she is at liberty to enjoy her thoughts without interruption — Would to heaven she had denied herself, for that morning at least, a pleasure that has cost her so dear — The Chevalier, if we may believe

lieve the servants, was seen to go with her into the Park—Ah, Madam, she has never since made her appearance—But, after all, I cannot suspect *Roselle* of a plot—He has no head for stratagem; nor a heart that would prompt him to undertake an affair of this nature—A man of gallantry, as he is called, but not a man capable of any violent passion, such as that must be, to put him upon running away with a Lady—No, I am convinced, he has neither courage nor contrivance for an adventure like this—It is true, he affected a partiality for her—Affected, I say, for, lovely as she is, he paid her only an unmeaning homage, in common with every fine woman he meets

114 *The History of JULIA.*

meets with; and to imagine she would voluntarily go off with him, would be a supposition so unjust, so unworthy of her, that I cannot, for a moment, entertain it — No, this is alone reserved for the censorious, for those who are less sensible of her merit; those who take a cruel pleasure in detraction. Alas, there are too many of that turn! — Appearances are, indeed, against her; but I am convinced heaven will at length bring to light the authors of this villainy, and manifest that innocence which is now so much exposed to the tongue of slander, and once more restore her that unsullied reputation, over which this adventure has cast so dark a cloud — I am
weary

weary with my fruitless attempts to unraval this mystery, and yet my thoughts are continually forming new conjectures—Is it possible, do you think, that the Marquis—stung by jealousy and disappointed love?—Ah, no, it is not possible!—that young Nobleman has too much honour, too much generosity, nay, I may add, too much love; for though an ungovernable passion, which is often honoured with that name, might excite to such an action; yet a pure, a genuine love, such as his has ever been, would submit to all the torments of despair, rather than gratify itself at the expence of the peace, the fame, of the beloved object—In short, Madam, I am lost in doubts

doubts and perplexities—The Countess affects great sorrow on the occasion, pretends to defend the reputation of her cousin; that she is gone with the Chevalier, is, she says, past a doubt, but then we ought to know her motives and design before we condemn her—Averse to marry the Duke *de Montpensier*, and convinced her father would never give his consent to any other offer, might she not then, actuated by a violent passion, and seeing no probability of gaining the Baron's sanction to her union, have been prevailed on, by the irresistible importunities of a favoured Lover, to take a step, imprudent enough, it must be owned—But who regards
pru-

prudence in love affairs? adds she—
For her part, she knew how to
pity the frailties of human nature,
and is persuaded that time will clear
her fame, and the adventure end
at last in nothing worse than a clandestine marriage—So speaks the (I
fear dissembling) Countess. Not so
the Marchioness her aunt—The
natural moroseness of that Lady
now displays itself in the most striking
colours—She rails, she exclaims
against the vanities of youth, the
heinous crime of disobedience to parents,
the levity, the coquetry of
one, whose amiable good qualities
have hitherto justly exempted her
from such injurious reflections—She
has wrote to the Baron, and, I doubt
not,

118 *The History of JULIA.*

not, has set off this dreadful event with every aggravation her rigid disposition is capable of giving it— Ah, how much is your lovely friend to be pitied—Thus exposed to censure, with appearances so much against her, that even those who endeavour to believe her less faulty, dare not openly espouse her cause— The Count *de Rochefort*'s melancholy and dejection alone speaks the sorrow that preys upon his heart; amidst the various conjectures that are made, he alone is silent; since he cannot clear her innocence, he at least forbears to add to the number of her censurers— The Marchioness *de Starville*, without sentiment, incapable of being affected with any thing

The History of JULIA. 119

thing in which her beauty is not concerned, views this affair in no other light, but as an event which happily delivers her from a too charming rival, by whose superior graces her's were eclipsed—I am sent for; the Countess has again prevailed on me to become her companion; what other resource had I, deprived of my more generous protectress?—I am desired to attend her—I shall take every opportunity of writing to you, Madam; pray heaven my next may bring you more agreeable news.

I am, with respect,
Your most obedient servant,
ISABELLA DE COULANGES.

L E T.

L E T T E R XIV.

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

THE Baron *de Valliere* is here—
It is impossible to express his
rage—He uttered the most dread-
ful imprecations against your un-
happy friend, and has sworn never
more to look upon her as his daugh-
ter—No, she shall from henceforth,
he cried, be for ever an alien to
my house and affection; not all her
tears nor penitence shall obtain my
pardon—she has ruined herself, and
cast an everlasting stain on the ho-
nour of my family; if she is even
married to the unworthy companion
of

of her flight, that shall not render my resentment, less inflexible. Let her take the consequence of her disobedience—Obstinately perverse and undutiful, she refused a man, whose exalted rank and merit rendered him far more than worthy of her; a man, whose alliance was an honour to her house: She had ungratefully frustrated all his endeavours for her happiness. He then flamed out into more violent expressions of rage; expressions which I tremble to recollect, much less can I repeat them. You may judge, from the knowledge you have of his haughty and impetuous temper, how he would behave on an occasion, that, to a man less subject to passion than he

is, must have been too much to bear without the greatest emotions—He inveighed bitterly against his sister, for her negligence: She was in her closet, he supposed, filling her head with enthusiastick chimeras, when she would have acted a much more Christian part, had she been laudably employed in fulfilling her engagement, taking care of that important charge he had foolishly entrusted her with—The Marchioness fired at this reproach, and answered with great bitterness, laid the blame on the imprudent education he had given her—What other consequence could be expected from it? If, instead of qualifying his daughter for the modern fine Lady, he had taught her,

her, like the primitive Christians, to despise the pomps and vanities of a wicked world, he would not have had this misfortune to lament; but her niece was too wise to regard her precepts or example; an example that she defied malice to find the least fault in. Seeing them so warm, the Countess interposed, and, in her artful manner, talked them both into some degree of calmness. Her behaviour in this affair has gained her universal approbation; little do they know what an adept she is in dissimulation; but I must keep my suspicions to myself, tho' I am half persuaded she has had a hand in this horrid adventure. Ah, where, all this while, is the lovely

124 *The History of JULIA.*

Julia?—Good heavens, what may she not be suffering?—May that heaven protect her defenceless innocence, and again restore to us the charming maid—Adieu, Madam, it is in vain to lengthen my letter, since I can send you no more favourable accounts, since I can gain no light into what we so much desire to know.

I am yours, &c.

ISABELLA.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

I Have been engaged in a most affecting conversation. The Marquis de Sevigné has been here, but in private; he sent to desire I would meet him in the Park—I went—Alas, Madam, you would scarce know again that amiable nobleman, so greatly has his grief altered him.

With faltering impatience he desired me to acquaint him with all I knew in regard to the flight of his adored *Julia*—That was soon done—but I took more time in endeavouring to defend her injured fame—He fre-

quently interrupted me with exclamations of rage, sorrow, and love— Sometimes he vow'd vengeance against his rival; then checking his transports, Ah! cried he, can I hurt the object of her affections— No — that affection is his security— Yet, shall he live, who has thus robbed me of my only earthly happiness! — Heavens! Was she worthy of a passion like mine! No; I will tear her image from my heart, whatever struggle it costs me— Ah, who would trust his happiness in a woman's power; those smiling, deceitful mischiefs! — Did I, for one like her, incur the displeasure of my father! For her desert a woman so every way more worthy! — Ah, *Henrietta*,
you

you are revenged — He had hardly uttered her name, when the Countess unexpectedly appeared — At sight of the Marquis, she uttered a loud scream, and fainted — He ran, he caught her in his arms, to prevent her falling — In a few moments she revived — Ah, *Sévigné*, cried she, fixing her languishing eyes on his face, why this appearance of compassion to her whom you hate! Her whom you have rejected! — Ah, let me go, my Lord; let the poor, despised *Henrietta*, fly from the presence of him who dared to treat her with such indignity — He seemed in the utmost confusion, cast down his eyes, and continued silent — Forgive me, resumed the Countess, I have no

right to reproach you; if my too unguarded heart believed, what perhaps it too much wished, it is that alone I should accuse, for that alone deceived me — I acquit you, Marquis, added she, sighing—Could you prevent my fondly imagining that a passion which — Ah! what am I doing?—I die with confusion—Support me, *Isabella*, I faint again—She reclined her head on his shoulder, as if unknowing what she did; never did she appear more lovely — Her face received double charms from the soft, the languishing air she had assumed — The Marquis beheld her with a degree of tenderness—He involuntarily pressed her to his breast, holding one of her fair hands in his—

his—Her affected swoon was of short duration, but she forgot to withdraw it—The scene became amazingly pathetic on both sides; he made delicate apologies, a sincerity which, however, his honour compelled him to, but which he almost repented, since it had incurred her displeasure—She sighed, looked tenderly on him, assured him of her pardon, thanked him for delivering her from an error, that was, she blushing owned, but too pleasing; then, as if recollecting herself, she endeavoured to withdraw her hand, but with a visible reluctance, her eyes, at the same time, darting a glance that spoke the softest meaning. Affecting still to be weak and indisposed, she desired me to draw near, that

she might lean on my arm, in order to return to the house — The Marquis eagerly offered his—She made some faint resistance, but he prevailed, and in that manner they walked, I following at some distance. The Countess seemed to talk with great earnestness—I could not distinctly hear what was her subject—But the name of *Valliere* was frequently repeated—Ah, Madam, this artful woman will stop at nothing to carry her point—One may easily guess in what light she would set her cousin's dreadful adventure—No doubt, greatly to her prejudice—I see what will be the consequence of all this—The Marquis, tender and susceptible to the impressions of beauty, will
not

not long be able to preserve his constancy, for one to whom he believes himself indifferent; to one (which will be a more effectual remedy for his passion,) who is, in appearance, so unworthy of his love—Duty to his father, whose favour he no doubt wishes to regain; the affected half smothered passion of the Countess, her artful blandishments—Ah, is it in nature he should escape the snare that is spread for him, or continue insensible to charms, which a fairer, a more amiable object could alone have made him so long indifferent to! — That object, now removed, now believed imprudent—If not lost to virtue, will he not too easily yield to the importu-

nity of his friends — to gratitude, which will excite him to make a generous return to the visibly tender sentiments the Countess entertains for him — Alas, the ill-fated *Julia*, too late for her happiness will she be restored to us, if deprived of her *Séigné*, if she must no longer indulge a passion that is so deeply rooted in her heart — The Marquis, at the pressing invitation of the old Marchioness, who would do any thing to oblige her favourite niece, is to continue here a few days longer; in that time — Ah, I dread to look forward! — The Count *de Rochefort* has left us, so has the Baron *Chateauneuf* — They no longer found any charms at *Grignon*, when
their

their admired *Julia* was not there—
Adieu, Madam,

I am, with respect, yours,

ISABELLA.

L E T

L E T T E R XVI.

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

THE Marquis left us last week; but the Countess made so good a use of her time, that he left *her* with visible regret — She has even wrote to him since he went; and has received an answer, that gives her manifest pleasure — It is plain she has made a confession of her love, and that to a man, generous and grateful like him, was the best method in the world to engage him to a return of passion — I see, Madam — Yes, I see but too plainly, that a marriage will be the consequence of
her

her artifice—Ah, did he but know how little worthy she is of his esteem—Specious as her behaviour is, I know her disposition, and know it to be—But he will, too soon, be undeceived; and learn, by fatal experience, how deficient she is in those good qualities, of which she knows so well how to affect the appearance—the Baron *de Valliere* has wrote to his youngest son, (the eldest being on his travels,) who is now with his regiment at * * *, acquainting him with his sister's unhappy adventure; that sister who was his particular favourite—Alas! I see the most dreadful consequences from this imprudent step—The young Gentleman has all that courage which ought
to

136 *The History of JULIA.*

to distinguish the foldier, with a natural impetuosity, derived from his father. I am convinced, he will never rest till he has obtained honourable satisfaction from the Chevalier, if he has not already secured his sister's reputation by marriage; he was expected from the army in a few weeks. This letter will, no doubt, hasten his return—The Countess sends for me—
Adieu, Madam, believe me yours.

ISABELLA.

L E T

L E T T E R X V I I .

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

ALAS! my fears were but too well founded. What will become of your friend? — The Marquis is beset on every side; his resolution is staggered; importuned by his friends; but more forcibly persuaded by the daily proofs he receives of the Countess's growing passion, he can no longer resist the united force of gratitude and duty; he even precipitates the affair, that he may not have leisure to reflect on what he is doing — The lovely *Julia*, lost as he imagines her—for ever lost to his hopes,

hopes, her reputation blasted, or else the wife of another; why should he indulge a fruitless passion?—Yet am I much deceived, if he will find it an easy task to conquer it; but he does not give himself time to think, or, if he thinks, his present resentment stifles the voice of Love—Ah, if the injured innocent should return, and be able to manifest her worthiness—If he should ever be informed, (which I now wish he never may,) that she loves him, and him alone, with a tenderness equal to his own; what will become of him? how will he be able to support his remorse, his too late repentance?

The

The Countess is all extacy; transported at the prospect of her approaching nuptials, she sends for me every moment; she is continually repeating the same things—Her dear *Sévigné* is her perpetual subject; he is expected here to-morrow, so is his father—I have hardly a moment's leisure for writing; but I snatch every opportunity in obedience to your commands—Alas, Madam, I must again repeat, why have I not a more agreeable subject for my pen?—The amiable, the unfortunate *Julia*—Ah, what is become of her?—

I am yours sincerely,

ISABELLA.

L E T.

LETTER XVIII.

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

THE Chevalier *de Valliere* arrived here this morning ; fatigued as he was with his journey, he yet scarce took time to pay his respects to his father, and immediately set off for *Rome*. Ah, how I dread the meeting between him and the suspected *Roselle*—The Countess is in great affliction, her expected lover was seized with a fever on the very day of his proposed journey to *Grignon*. He is in danger ; poor Marquis, I do not wonder at your illness ; how could you be other-

otherwise, with a mind so agitated as yours must be, while acting so contrary to the dictates of your heart—The Baron, the Marchioness, in vain endeavour to console the mourning *Henrietta*—Her passions are naturally violent; she is half wild with sorrow, and carries her grief to an almost ridiculous height—Messenger after messenger are continually going backwards and forwards, to and from *Paris*, to know how he is—The Countess sends for me; pray heaven she may not have received some fatal news—I feel myself greatly interested in the fate of the amiable Marquis—Adieu, Madam, I must attend her—

Two

Two o'clock.

No, my fears were groundless; he is much recovered, and his mistress is now as wild with joy, as she was before with grief; he will, if possible, be here on *Tuesday*—Ah, pray heaven some new obstacle may retard his coming—I forgot to tell you, the Duke *de Montpensier* is inconsolable for the loss of his tenderly beloved *Julia*, and vows revenge against his rival; which, I doubt not, he will fulfil, if ever in his power, as nobody is of a more fiery or impetuous nature; not accustomed to bear disappointments; of an enterprising spirit; and one who would omit no means, however hazardous, to accomplish

The History of JULIA. 143

comply his desires; the passion he entertains for the fair *Julia*, is too violent to suffer him to act with prudence—Adieu, Madam,

I am yours,

ISABELLA,

LET

LETTER XIX.

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

AH, Madam, it is past—The Marquis, the charming *de Sévigné*, can never now be the husband of your lovely friend—He, this fatal morning, at the altar, gave his hand to another—His trembling hand—For ah, Madam, I never saw so death-like, so inanimate a figure as he made—Pale and emaciated with his late illness, but much more so with that secret grief that preys upon his heart—He appeared the shadow only of the once blooming, amiable *Sévigné*—The Countess, on the contrary—

trary — The happy Countess, never did she look more lovely; joy sparkled in her eyes, and gave them a double lustre—And no ornament was omitted that could add to her charms—But what were her fainter charms when compared to those of the lovely *Julia*? — The Marquis must be but too sensible of the difference; he beheld not in her the sweet, the attractive graces of his *Valliere*—The wedding was rather private; few preparations were made; things were hurried on with such precipitation, that there was no time to make any; the Marquis desired no witness to the sacrifice he made—He would have wished to conceal it even from himself—I am sure, tho'

he did not express so much, I speak his sentiments — They were but too visible from his behaviour, yet he generously strove to conceal his emotions—Whatever force he put on himself, nothing could be more amiable than his behaviour to his bride; gratitude supplied the place of love—If he was less passionate than her, he had the more merit in assuming, to oblige her, the appearance of it—Nothing but joy and festivity reigns amongst the select party, present on the occasion—The smiles of the Marquis are alone constrained — Alas, Madam, is it then true, that your amiable friend has for ever lost the only happiness that rendered life worth her care?

That

The History of JULIA. 147

That tender, that engaging lover,
who was so dear to her—How I
pity her unfortunate destiny! — The
Countess—(Ah, must I call her the
Marchioness *de Sévigné*!) — wondering
at my long absence, has sent in
quest of me. I must join the com-
pany—Adieu, Madam,

I am yours,

ISABELLA.

H 2 L E T-

L E T T E R XX.

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

A Letter arrived this morning from the Chevalier *de Valliere*—The Baron no sooner perused it than he carried it to his sister. I was in her apartment; she hardly took time to glance her eyes over the contents, before she went in search of the Marchioness, that she might hear her opinion, by which her's is ever guided—The letter was left with me till her return, and I hastily sketched out a copy of it to send you—Ah, read it, Madam—Did not I judge right of
your

your injured friend? I knew she could never make a choice so unworthy as the Chevalier *de Roselle*. He knew nothing of her flight, yet her motives for that flight are still as much as ever a mystery — But let me not detain your attention from the letter.

L E T T E R.

“ I was assured before I came to
“ *Rome*, from the knowledge I had
“ of my sister’s disposition, that she
“ had been unjustly calumniated—It
“ is true, her unaccountable flight
“ gave but too much cause for cen-
“ sure—Yet, by heaven, that man
“ shall never live to repeat the in-

H 3

“ famous

150 *The History of JULIA.*

“ famous slander, that dares to tra-
“ duce her virtue — No, *Julia* has
“ been imprudent, but she is not—
“ would not fall from that — Yes,
“ Sir, her reputation shall again shine
“ forth with its unsullied purity,
“ and triumph over the malice of a
“ censorious world. I will search
“ the whole earth, but I will find
“ the innocent sufferer: some vile
“ artifice, some cursed plot, has
“ been laid to ensnare her—She fly
“ with the Chevalier!—No, she dis-
“ dains the thought; she is incapa-
“ ble of an action so unbecoming
“ the modesty of her sex; you know
“ not her purity, Sir, the merit of
“ that lovely maid, whom, perhaps,
“ your persecutions, your imposing
“ on

“ on her a husband she could not
“ love, has driven from her family,
“ to seek an asylum where her
“ peace would be more secure—For—
“ give me, Sir, I cannot govern the
“ natural warmth of my temper ;
“ but let that, and my inexpressible
“ regard for the honour of a sister,
“ so dear to me, plead my excuse—
“ if I, for an instant, forget that
“ respect, which, in my cooler mo-
“ ments, I should never be tempted
“ to transgress—I found it no diffi-
“ cult matter to meet with the Che-
“ valier *de Roselle*—He did not shun
“ me, as he doubtless would, had
“ he been guilty ; but with manifest
“ pleasure welcomed me to *Rome*—
“ I received his compliments with

152 *The History of JULIA.*

“ great coolness—He seemed surpriz-
“ ed; desired an explanation — A
“ place was appointed for a more
“ private interview, he was punctual
“ to his engagement; I told him,
“ in few words, the business I came
“ upon—He was astonished, nor did
“ his countenance betray the least
“ symptoms of guilt—With an ap-
“ pearance of the utmost sincerity,
“ he solemnly swore, that, so far
“ from carrying off my sister, he
“ had never seen her since he left
“ *Grignon*; that he had, indeed,
“ greatly admired her while there—
“ but the contempt with which she
“ treated him, made him endeavour
“ to conquer a passion, which pro-
“ mised him nothing but mortifica-
“ tion

The History of JULIA. 153

“ tion and repulses—His professions
“ of innocence did not avail him.
“ Incapable of listening to reason,
“ at a time when my resentment
“ was so predominant, I peremptorily
“ insisted on satisfaction; he offered
“ to give me all that was in his
“ power, if I would hear him with
“ coolness, assuring me, he could
“ easily convince me of the injustice
“ of my suspicion — This was no
“ time to argue—I drew, and bid
“ him defend himself; he remon-
“ strated—My passion increased—In
“ short, we fought; my antagonist
“ was wounded, but not dangerouf-
“ ly — I procured him assistance,
“ stayed with him while his wounds
“ were dressing, then took my leave,

154 *The History of JULIA.*

“ assuring him I would not fly, let
“ what would be the consequence of
“ our duel—He sent for me again
“ next morning—I went; he again
“ assured me of his innocence with
“ regard to my sister; and, to
“ convince me more fully of the
“ truth of his assertions, added the
“ evidence of a Lady—one of a
“ very different character from my
“ dear sister—whom he had, indeed,
“ brought from *France*, and who
“ had, as she herself assured me,
“ never been a day absent from him
“ since his arrival at *Rome*. To her
“ testimony I might add that of his
“ domestics; in short, of all his ac-
“ quaintance; and he makes a too
“ conspicuous figure here not to be
“ universally

The History of JULIA. 155

“ universally known: From all those
“ (whom, you may believe, I ques-
“ tioned with proper caution) I re-
“ ceived the same account, viz. That
“ the Chevalier was so much ena-
“ moured of the fair *Ninon*, who
“ accompanied him from *France*, that
“ he almost neglected all other La-
“ dies for her sake. To make my-
“ self still more certain, I asked if
“ they had seen this idol of his af-
“ fections?—They were amazed at
“ the question. The Chevalier *de*
“ *Roselle*, said they, has not the least
“ tincture of the *Spanish* jealousy in
“ his composition; he is a true
“ *Frenchman*, and lays no restraint
“ on his enamoretta; indeed I be-
“ lieve he would find it no easy

156 *The History of JULIA.*

“ matter to make her submit to any ;
“ nobody is fonder of pleasure, no-
“ body enjoys it with more free-
“ dom—How strange, then, is it to
“ ask if we have seen her ? If you
“ stay any time at *Rome*, you will
“ not visit a public place that is not
“ graced with her presence — After
“ the testimony of so many people,
“ could I any longer doubt the in-
“ nocency of a sister so unjustly
“ aspersed ? — I acknowledged my
“ fault to the Chevalier, asked his
“ pardon for my too rash suspicions,
“ and obtained a promise of secrecy,
“ as to the cause of our difference,
“ which, I believe, he has honour
“ enough to keep—I am now pre-
“ paring for my return to *France*,
“ impatient

“ impatient to seek the poor wanderer in a place, where I shall be more likely to succeed.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most affectionate son,

“ and obedient servant,

“ EMILIUS DE VALLIERE.”

Before I closed my letter, I had an inclination to know if the Marquis had seen that from the Chevalier—I saw him from my windows alone in the garden; I went down to him; but just as we engaged in conversation the Baron joined us; willing, as far as lay in his power, to clear the reputation of his daughter, he presented

158 *The History of JULIA.*

presented to him the letter, about which I was going to make enquiry— He took it, and with eager impatience ran over the contents— But, good heavens! what were his emotions! the unfinished letter dropped from his trembling hand; it was well the Baron left us, and was not witness to his violent agitations—Again he endeavoured to make himself master of the contents, he grew pale as he proceeded, and, striking his breast, Ah! exclaimed he, with a deep sigh, if she is innocent— if my *Julia* is innocent, I am the most wretched of mankind— He added no more, but hastily turned into another walk— Wretched, indeed!— Ah, Marquis, you will too late repent your precipitate

The History of JULIA. 159

pitate rashness — Adieu, Madam, I am sure you join with me in compassionating the misfortunes of our lovely friend.

I am yours,

ISABELLA.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXI.

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

THE Countess — I cannot prevail on myself to call her the Marchioness — ever fertile at invention, has now formed a new conjecture on the flight of her amiable cousin. The Count *de Rochefort* entertained a violent passion for her — a passion to which she was far from being insensible — *That* was artfully thrown in as she spoke in presence of her Lord — Let her alone for presence of mind — The Count's relations, continued she, knew, that if *Mademoiselle Valliere* married any
other

other than the Duke — You, Sir — (turning to her uncle,) would never forgive such a breach of duty; consequently she would not only forfeit your favour, but her fortune. Now, it is not unlikely to suppose they might use some stratagem to get her into their power, till the Count's passion was cooled by absence, or diverted to another object. I declare I see nothing improbable in this conjecture — The old Marchioness, who is ever governed by her judgment, immediately saw through the whole affair; no longer a mystery, but clear as day — Nay, she could even give an exact account how the whole scheme had been concerted — Yes, every doubt was

HOW

now removed : her niece's excessive penetration had unravelled what was before so inexplicable — The Marquis was silent, and appeared lost in thought, while the Baron treated as ridiculous chimeras those fine suppositions — Chimeras, indeed ! — Ah, Madam, how much do I pity the Marquis ; he is oppressed with a deep melancholy, which is but too visible, in spite of his endeavours to conceal it — His Lady and he set out in two days for one of his country seats — I am to accompany them — Adieu, Madam — Believe me, with respect,

Yours,

ISABELLA.

L E T.

LETTER XXII.

To LEONORA.

BEHOLD a letter from your *Julia*, after an age of silence—an age of imprisonment—I have been buried alive, *Leonora*—Why am I not literally so—The Marquis believes me unworthy of his love—He is not yet undeceived—Ah, this fatal absence! Who knows in what light my seeming flight may appear to him—Doubtless my father, to whom I make no question I owe my confinement, would, for his own honour, give to the world a reason for his conduct. I will not suppose

pose he would suffer my reputation to be injured; that to a parent must be dear, however little his child is so — What a world of misery have I endured; nay, what must I not yet endure, if my father continues inexorable — But let me tell you the particulars of my strange adventure, since I last — Heavens! When did I last write to you? — What an age is it since I enjoyed that happiness — But, to my story — Ah, *Leonora*, what is become of the Marquis all this time? — Another digression — I have such a multiplicity of questions to ask, so much to tell you, that I hardly know where to begin — It is now, I think — Alas, it will only renew my
grief

The History of JULIA. 165

grief to look back—Yet I have kept an exact account of each tediously melancholy day, since the fatal morning—The mention of that will enable me to go on with more regularity in my unhappy story—That horrid morning—A thousand years ago, when at *Grignon*—I arose very early to indulge myself in a solitary ramble; the dear, the ever amiable *Sévigné*, was the subject of my meditations—The *Chevalier de Roselle* took a second leave of me in the Park, where he accidentally met me; he left me, I continued my excursion, and insensibly strayed to a greater distance from the house than was my usual custom—When, behold a chariot and six, two ill-looking

166 *The History of JULIA.*

looking fellows; they approached, they seize me in their arms, force me to the carriage, in spite of my struggling, in spite of my cries — they placed me in it; one of them seats himself by me—away they drive —What a situation!—I intreat him to tell me who instigated him to this villainy—He is silent to all my questions—I weep, I rave, but nothing can move him — Sometimes I think it is a contrivance of the Chevalier's to get me into his power; alarmed at this thought, I redouble my screams, my unavailing complaints—impenetrable as a rock, my odious companion—hears my lamentation, sees my tears, but continues unmoved — For two days we travel,
with

The History of JULIA. 167

with almost incredible swiftness—
Need I tell you, effectual care was
taken that I should not escape—
They press me to take some refresh-
ment—Weary with fruitless intreaties,
with unanswered questions, I am
silent in my turn—At last we arrive
at the end of my dreadful journey,
and the carriage stopped at the gate
of a convent, situated at some little
distance from a small town, of which
I had a glympse in alighting from
the chaise, but cannot tell in what
part of the world I am—Melan-
choly as my prospects are from the
prison that is allotted me, I yet am
comparatively happy, to what I was
some time ago, when I thought
myself in the power of a villain,
for

168 *The History of JULIA.*

for such *Roselle* must have been, had he engaged in an adventure like that— I now believe it the contrivance of my father, who, being apprized of my love for the Marquis, takes this method to confine me, till he obliges me to marry the Duke; to him I likewise ascribe my letters being intercepted; what else can I imagine?— Ah! why have I been so long without hearing from him?— What does he intend to do with his unfortunate daughter?— The Abbess—a long skeleton-like figure, with a winter's face—receives me with tolerable politeness; I endeavour from her to gain some explanation of an adventure that appeared so extraordinary, but it is in vain; she profits

profits by the instructions that were given her—I extract not a syllable from her pursed-up lips, but that she is ordered to detain me in her convent, till I know better how to use my liberty; this confirms my suspicions, that I am brought here by the command of my father—Greatly fatigued with my journey, but more with the various emotions of my mind, I desire to be conducted to my allotted apartment—One of the Nuns is ordered to attend me to my dreary cell; there I dismiss my companion, throw myself on the bed, and give vent to my complaints—Good heavens, I cry, bursting into tears, must I, then, never more behold the lovely, the

ever lovely *Sévigné*? — Must I be forced into the arms of the man I detest? — I am almost frantic with grief—They inform me supper waits; I excuse myself from going down; they bring some refreshment to my cell; greatly as I stand in need of it, I yet cannot eat; I attempt it in vain; I desire them to take away the food, and leave me to my repose.

Ah, *Leonora*, what a night did I pass!—If sleep, for a moment, closed my eyes, my dreams were more distressing than my waking thoughts; they continually represent to me my lover—my *Sévigné*, reproaching me with inconstancy, accusing me of being

The History of JULIA. 171

ing the author of his misery—
Sometimes he appears at the sacred
altar, on the point of plighting his
faith to another, while I stand trem-
bling, fainting, to see my hopes for
ever blasted. I scream, my emotions
awake me, I find myself drowned in
tears—Ah, *Leonora*, what visions are
these!—Heaven avert the fatal omen—
The next morning I join the sober
sisterhood, and am given to under-
stand by the Abbess, that, as my
friends intend I should, after my
year of probation, take the veil, I
must conform to the rules of the
convent—My friends intend me to
take the veil! What, before they know
whether I should not prefer even
the dreaded marriage with the Duke,

to which I have not yet given a positive denial—But it is no matter, were it in my choice, melancholy as my present situation is, I would much rather—But ah, *Leonora*, shall I then never more behold that charming youth, for whom my heart must ever feel the warmest affection!—Alas, his loved idea will mix even with my prayers, and steal my adoration from the saints I vainly seem to worship—I had not spirits to contend with the Abbess, so heard in silence, and obeyed—Heavens, *Leonora*, what a change of life have I experienced! Instead of being surrounded with admiring lovers, instead of enjoying the sprightly society of the *beau-monde*, I see nothing around me but mementos

mementos of misery, withered virgins, who, with a green and yellow melancholy, pine in thought, and mourn that liberty to which they have bid an eternal adieu—Instead of the festive dance, or music's delightful harmony, I fast and freeze at midnight hours of prayer—The image of the charming Marquis haunts me perpetually—Alas, this solitude, this leisure for contemplation, is not likely to weaken my passion—I think of him continually; ah, I think of nothing else. For above a week I bore my confinement with tolerable patience, expecting daily to see or hear from my father, but at the expiration of that my uneasiness doubled—I longed to

174 *The History of JULIA.*

know the worst of my fate; suspense was more painful than the most dreadful certainty—I determined to write, I did so, and shewed my letter to the Abbess, obliged to conform to the rules of the convent—But alas, I was not permitted to send it, and strictly prohibited from attempting any thing of that kind for the future; none of my letters would be sent if I wrote ever so many—I wept—I expostulated—Not to my father? cried I!—I must—I will—Who shall dare to hinder me?—I dare, Mademoiselle, said she, with mortifying calmness. These frantic airs will little avail you; you are in my power, delivered up to my management, and I shall take care
to

The History of JULIA. 175

to be faithful to my trust—How I raved! How I exclaimed against her cruelty! But the inflexible creature, hardened to all the feelings of humanity and compassion, was deaf to all my woe, and obstinately perverse—I racked my brain to find out some expedient to get my letters conveyed without her knowledge, but the watchful *Argus* baffled all my attempts—Week after week stole away—Alas, how tediously; and my situation knew no change!—Was my father then resolved to drive from his memory, that unhappy daughter, who yet knew not in what she had so highly offended? Could my love for one of the most accomplished Noblemen in the world,

be deemed so great a crime?—Ah, yes, my friend! — My heart reproaches me with a breach of duty, for which heaven has inflicted on me a severe punishment. I ought not—Alas, I own my indiscretion!—I ought not to have encouraged a clandestine correspondence—But will not my father deign to see—to write to me?—Why will he not give me an opportunity to acknowledge, to implore his pardon for my fault?—A fault, which too powerful love compelled me to commit—What is become of the Duke all this while!—Does he no longer intend to persecute me with his odious addresses?—Perhaps, he is informed of my partiality for his
amiable

The History of JULIA. 177

amiable rival, and now thinks me unworthy his pursuit—Ah, would to heaven, I were assured of this—That would, indeed, be a consolation—What is become of my brother, my dear *Emilius*?—He once loved his unfortunate sister. How tender was his friendship? Yet he abandons her; like the rest, he forgets the poor *Julia*, that was once so dear to him—What an age have I lived in tedious suspense?—Every day is ushered in by tears and unavailing sorrow! I saw no advantage from making a confidant amongst the Nuns—What could they do for me? Some of them are amiable; but why talk to them of my unfortunate love—Secluded for ever

178 *The History of JULIA.*

from its joys, they would rather experience a consolation in finding one miserable like themselves, than be sollicitous to remedy her misery—I had thoughts, however, of applying to the father Confessor; but his character discouraged me. A rigid bigot—Unsociable, unfeeling, severe in his notions, could I hope for his indulgence to the tender weakness of love?—Hardened by age, and a long course of self-denial to all the soft emotions of that passion, could I expect compassion, or assistance, from him, who, dead to the joys of life himself, makes no allowance for the foibles of youth?—In short, my dear *Leonora*, I was almost reduced to despair, when the death

death of father *Benedict* gave us a new pastor—The amiable appearance of that truly good man revived my hopes—I seized every opportunity of conversing with him—He is sensible, engaging, and pious, without ostentation. Though he has bid adieu to the vanities of life, yet is he not insensible that the world has its attractions, nor too severely censures those who cannot so well resist its seducing allurements—To him, then, after frequent proofs of the goodness of his heart, I revealed my unhappy situation—Told him, without reserve, every event of my life—He heard, he compassionated my sufferings—I implored his assistance, informed him of the treatment I had

received from the too rigid Abbess; not even permitted to write to my father, my friends. I conjured him to take the charge of a letter to my parent, promised to shew him the contents—He paused—I renewed my sollicitation. He said he would consider of my request, would oblige me as far as was consistent with his duty—At our next interview, he told me he had been conversing with the Abbess about my affairs; that she had given him a very different account—but she might be misinformed—He was prejudiced in my favour—Such an air of sincerity accompanied every thing I uttered, he would venture to take the charge of my letter—I must, however, favour

your him with a sight of the contents, as I promised; there could be no crime in writing to a parent—Hardly could I restrain myself from embracing this amiable Ecclesiastic—I flew to make use of the indulgence I had obtained—This letter, too—I know not what I have said in it; but I know that I have wrote the sentiments of my heart, and in no part deviated from the truth. I must prevail on him to take the charge of both—Ah, *Leonora*, are you not impatient to hear from me?—Do you not wonder at my silence—my very long silence?—Now, my friend, consider my impatience—Tell me you still love me—Tell me—Ah, if it be possible, tell me

182 *The History of JULIA.*

me, that the Marquis—Good heavens! should he be inconstant! — Should he have forgot his once-lov'd *Julia*!—The bare supposition chills me with horror—O, let me never know my misery, if it is so—Yet, if you do not talk to me of him, if you do not tell me he stills honours me with his regard, it will be sufficient; I shall guess the rest, and kind death will deliver me from a world of misery—Adieu—Again I repeat it—Love me, my dear *Leonora*, for I never have nor can cease to love you. And am,

With the greatest esteem,

Yours,

JULIA.

P. S.

The History of JULIA. 183

P. S. I inclose a copy of the Letter
I send my father.

L E T T E R

To the Baron DE VALLIERE.

“MAY the afflicted *Julia* pre-
“sume, after so long a penance, to
“supplicate the forgiveness, the com-
“passion, of her ever revered father—
“Ah, Sir, continue all the rest of
“my punishment, if my guilt is not
“yet sufficiently expiated — All but
“your cruel silence, all but your
“inhuman—shall I dare to call it—
“neglect of your child—Deign to
“see

184 *The History of JULIA.*

“ see me, Sir. Let me, at your feet,
“ acknowledge that I have erred from
“ my duty ; that I am penitent, truly
“ penitent ; and now, if supplicating
“ tears, if a solemn resolution never
“ to repeat a fault that too ungo-
“ vernable love forced me to com-
“ mit, can obtain your pardon—Ah,
“ bless your unhappy daughter with
“ the renewal of that affection
“ which must ever constitute her
“ highest felicity—True, I blushing
“ own that I love, that I must ever
“ love, the accomplished *Sévigné* :
“ but, whatever struggles it may
“ cost me, I am ready to sacrifice
“ that love to the superior calls
“ of duty—You no longer press
“ me to a hated marriage—The
“ Duke

The History of JULIA. 185

“ Duke is, doubtless, at last, con-
“ vinced, that I am unworthy the
“ affection he once honoured me
“ with — I am, indeed, and rejoice,
“ for both our sakes, that he has
“ conquered an unhappy passion
“ which I never could return — You
“ now doom me to the melancholy
“ retirement of a convent — I sub-
“ mit — Yes, Sir, deign but to see
“ me, to pardon my past errors,
“ and I will, without murmuring —
“ Alas, since you will have it so,
“ resistance would be vain — I am
“ endeavouring to reconcile myself
“ to that joyless life to which my
“ fatal destiny ordains me — You
“ have given me a long, a melan-
“ choly foretaste of what I must
“ ex-

186 *The History of JULIA.*

“ expect. But ah, Sir, was it ne-
“ cessary to have me conveyed to
“ this sad retreat, in so precipitate,
“ so strange a manner?—Have you
“ taken care to vindicate my re-
“ putation?—What must the world
“ think of my sudden disappearance,
“ of my seeming flight?—Could
“ you not judge, even by those in-
“ tercepted letters to the Marquis,
“ which were my only imprudence,
“ that there was no necessity for
“ having recourse to such violent
“ measures?—Was there the least
“ cause of apprehension from them,
“ that I should attempt a marriage
“ without your consent?—No, Sir,
“ you little know me, if you sup-
“ pose me capable of such devia-
“ tion -

The History of JULIA. 187

“tion from the duty I owe you—
“The Lady Abbess, cruelly punc-
“tual to the orders she has receiv-
“ed, refused me the permission of
“writing to you, of writing even
“to my father—Ah, have I not
“reason to complain of your too
“great severity; though you have
“forgot your ill-fated child, do you
“imagine the sentiments of filial af-
“fection can so easily be effaced
“from my heart?—Forbid it, hea-
“ven; that heaven, which, at length,
“commiserating my sufferings, has
“raised me up a friend in my for-
“lorn condition; a friend, whose com-
“passion is equal to his piety: by his
“means I am at last, after an age of
“fruitless sorrow, permitted to sue
“for

“ for your pardon—To intreat—on
“ my knees I entreat it—the happi-
“ ness of seeing or hearing from you—
“ Ah, Sir, can you have the cruelty
“ to refuse this just request? Has
“ my brother, too, forgot to love his
“ once highly esteemed sister?—Why
“ will not he at least condescend to
“ pay me a visit in this my dreary
“ retreat?—Since the fatal morning
“ in which you had me so alarm-
“ ingly carried off and buried in a
“ convent, I have never ceased to
“ lament your too just displeasure—
“ But, ah, remit to me now this
“ too severe punishment; let me
“ once more, before I am compelled
“ to bid an eternal adieu to all the
“ joys of life, see you, see my va-
“ lued

The History of JULIA. 189

“lued friends, my brother, and I
“will then with patient resignation
“return to my melancholy prison—
“Let me bid them one last adieu;
“or, if this is too great a favour
“for the unhappy *Julia*, write to me
“at least—I must ask more—Come
“to me, Sir, tell me I am forgiven,
“and restore the long lost peace
“of

“Your ever dutiful,

“ever affectionate daughter,

JULIA.”

L E T-

L E T T E R XXIII.

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

WHAT a scene of iniquity is unravelled. Ah, Madam, my suspicions were too well founded — Your friend, your suffering injured friend — But let me endeavour to explain myself. The Marchioness *de Sévigné*, happy in being united to the man she loves; that happiness has softened her haughty disposition into gentleness — I accompanied her, therefore, with the less regret, to her country seat.

The melancholy of the Marquis daily encreased; yet his Lady did
not

The History of JULIA. 191

not observe it, or was unwilling to damp her dear-bought felicity, by indulging a supposition that she met not an equal return of tenderness— Indeed, his behaviour to her was amiable to the highest degree— Whatever pain it cost him, he strove to hide the secret grief that destroyed his peace. Great part of his time was spent in riding, or solitary rambles; but with her was ever polite, ever solicitous to oblige, to prevent her very wishes in whatever he judged would be agreeable to her. A few days ago, at her proposal, we returned to *Paris* for the winter; a continual succession of company engaged most of her time; the Marquis pretended business, and excused him-

himself from being of her parties—
Alas, Madam, his business was no
other than to indulge his secret for-
row, shut up in his apartment; there
is an elegant drawing of our fair
Julia—A present to her cousin,
which that Lady has inadvertently
enough placed amongst her own less
masterly performances—This piece
is, no doubt, a great help to his
meditations, of which I am but too
well convinced, the lovely author is
the principal subject—He even spoke
of it to me one day, and made me
remark its various beauties—Ah,
cried he, with a deep sigh, why were
such various perfections bestowed on
one—He stopped, and sighed a-
gain—How I pity him—

Now,

The History of JULIA. 193

Now, Madam, prepare for the amazing tale I have to unfold:— The Baron *de Valliere* paid our family a visit the other morning — He appeared in violent agitations, and immediately produced a letter from his daughter; there was nobody present but the Marquis, his Lady, and myself — He gave it to the former; Read it, cried he, with emotion, and help me to comprehend the amazing contents, to trace out the wicked plotters, who have so long deprived me of my child, who have endeavoured to cast a cloud over her spotless fame—The Marquis took the letter with a trembling hand, and retired to a window, that he might

the better hide his emotions — The Marchioness turned pale — She could not conceal her agitations. I was more observant of her behaviour than her Lord's; but he soon drew all our attention, when uttering a deep sigh, we saw him fall senseless on the floor — His Lady was terribly alarmed; but, while she endeavoured to run to his assistance, she grew faint, and staggering to a chair, was soon reduced to the same condition. We did every thing in our power, in order to their recovery; the Marquis first gave signs of returning life — he cast his eyes wildly round — Where is she? cried he, in a faint voice. Ah, where have you removed my *Julia*, my Love, my angel *Julia*? — While
he

The History of JULIA. 195

he spoke his senses returned more perfectly, he closed his eyes, and for a moment continued silent; then, raising them, bathed in tears, he seized the hand of her father, and with a look of anguish, You see in me, said he, the veriest wretch that lives, plunged in despair—Lost to every hope of happiness, ruined, undone, for ever miserable! — He hastily arose, he cast his eyes towards the still insensible *Henrietta*, with a look of horror—When turning to me, I leave her to your care; I cannot do her justice — It is to her — No, it was my own rashness—Curse on the hour in which I gave my hand where my heart could never love. O torment! O anguish!— Ah, *Julia*, added he, in a transport

196 *The History of JULIA.*

of grief, my *Julia*, my life, my soul ; are you then lost, for ever lost to your *Sévigné* ?—He precipitately left the room—Hardly was he gone, when his Lady recovered ; the first words she spoke were to call on her dear husband—Ah, cried she, seeing he had left her, he hates me, he abandons me, and at a time like this—but I deserve his hate—O gracious heaven !—Yet, why do I apply to you ; I dare not hope you will hear the prayer of her whose crimes—Ah, I have ruined the man I fondly love ; and misery, never-ending misery, is my portion—Her eyes and manner were so full of wildness and distraction, that the Baron, who attributed her ravings to her
her

The History of JULIA. 197

her imperfect recovery from her swoon, ordered her attendants to lead her to her apartment, where she was put to bed, in hopes she would there be restored to a little more tranquillity. I attended—She repeatedly asked for her Lord—I endeavoured to calm her violent emotions, by persuading her he would soon return—Ah, no, cried she, he never will return—he abandons me for ever—In effect, he did not for several days; during all which time, you may imagine the dreadful situation of his Lady; her illness encreased with such violence, that we were obliged to send for her physicians—They came, they pronounced her in imminent danger—She raved continually—The

name of her dear Marquis was incessantly repeated — She called upon him, she conjured him, to see her once more before she left him for ever—She had an oppression on her mind, a load of guilt — Ah, she could not, would not die till she revealed it to him—Messengers were every where dispatched in search of him; but they returned without success—Mean time the Marchioness was at the point of death—Heaven, however, permitted the return of her reason, that she might the better prepare for her awful change—When we had almost lost all hopes of seeing, before her death, the unfortunate Marquis, I was one morning informed a Gentleman desired to speak with

with me—I went—But what was my surprize, on seeing that amiable Nobleman—I am not only born to be wretched, said he, but to be the cause of it in others—Before I could determine on a fit retreat to bury myself and sorrows from the world, I accidentally heard of my Lady's illness. My heart, added he, sighing, though incapable of that passion, which she ought, and wishes to inspire;—that heart, though lost to every joy, is yet not insensible to gratitude and compassion. She desires earnestly to see me, to see the unhappy wretch, who can no longer justify her choice by a suitable return of tenderness — Go, then, Madam, prepare her for the inter-

view—Yes, I will see her once more, and then farewell to every earthly connection—I went as he desired, and returning in a few minutes, conducted him to the apartment of his expiring Lady—I cannot do justice to the moving scene ; and shall not, therefore, attempt a minute description of it—While he held her hand, while the soft drops of Pity bedewed his amiable face, while he gazed on her with the most tender compassion, the Marchioness continued silent—But, at last, suddenly withdrawing her hand—Enough, my dear Lord, said she ; I must no longer indulge myself in a tenderness I so little deserve—You know not—Ah, heavens, what am I going to say!—
You

You endeavour to love me, Sir—
You struggle with the feelings of
your heart, which you cannot con-
quer— And for whom are those
struggles? For her who has for-
ever destroyed your peace of mind;
blasted your happiness; and who,
though she adores, has ruined you—
And in that ruin involved herself—
You are going to hate me, my
Lord; to detest, to look with hor-
ror, on the woman, you once so
kindly honoured with esteem—
an esteem which I would die to se-
cure. Judge, then, of the pain, the
inexpressible pain it must cost me—
Alas, I am going voluntarily to
forfeit what I so highly prize—But
I am dying: and, ah, I cannot die

in peace till I reveal my crimes—O turn your eyes from me, while I confess my guilt; let me not see them; they stagger my purpose. If I look on them, I shall not be able to repent—Now, my Lord—Why have I not strength to cast myself at your feet, that I might, in that humble posture, sue for a pardon, which yet I dare not hope for! — She paused through weakness, and wiped her streaming eyes—The astonished Marquis had not power to interrupt the mournful silence—Anxious, yet dreading to hear the rest—His Lady, at last, resumed—Importuned by your father, solicited by your friends, you consented to visit me; you endeavoured

deavoured to look on the unworthy *Henrietta*, as your future bride—
But, alas, my Lord, you saw me with indifference: far otherwise was it with me—I loved tenderly; loved you from the first moment; and, lover like, hoped that time would produce a change in my favour, and enable you to return my passion—
But, ah, my *Sévigné*! the sight of my too charming cousin destroyed at once my hopes, and plunged me in despair—I saw, too plainly, you loved her—Your every look confirmed it—I went to my aunt's; I refused to let you accompany me, dreading the presence of my lovely rival—You wrote to me—Alas, my Lord, that cruel letter—No longer

204 *The History of JULIA.*

able to govern my increasing passion, (a passion that even your coolness could not extinguish,) I ordered your every motion to be watched—My spies were faithful to their trust—You wrote to your *Julia*—I am stung with remorse while I mention that amiable, unhappy maid!—You took such precaution to get those letters delivered, that I found it impossible to intercept them; but I succeeded, alas, too well with those of my cousin; effectual care was taken that they should never reach you—It was I that spread the report of her encouraging the addresses of the Count *de Rochefort*—What shall I say more?—To complete my humiliating confession, it was I
(governed

(governed by a violent, hopeless passion) who contrived to have her seized, and carried to a convent, where she has ever since been confined — To compleat my guilt, I cruelly ordered it so, that she should disappear on the very day on which the Chevalier *de Roselle* set off for *Italy* — You know the rest, my Lord — And now what remains but that you hasten the too tardy stroke of death, and, by your just reproaches, end my life, my shame, and misery together — Ah, my *Sévigné*, I see your inexpressible anguish; I see your amazement, your horror, at such a series of iniquities, too late revealed; yet, if it be possible — Alas, my Lord, for pity's sake, if you would

would soften the horrors of a death like mine, tell me, though you deceive me, tell me that you do not hate me — Impossible ! Ah, do not speak—I see—O that look, yes, I see you do—Now, my Lord, my Sévigné, my husband, I am going — Save me, save me — She fainted — No longer thinking of her crimes, he flew to support her ; she revived, and casting a timid glance at him, Can you, ah, for pity's sake, tell me, ere it be too late, can you forgive me ? Speak, speak, my Lord, the hand of death is on me — He pressed her in his arms, and in a voice interrupted by his sighs and groans—I do — I do, cried he with fervour, and may your repentance be

be equally availing with that awful Being, before whom you are summoned to appear—Farewell for ever—Again I repeat it, from my inmost soul I forgive, I pity you—He added no more, but hastily withdrew—He is gone, cried she, ah, I shall never see him more—O *Sévigné*, O my much loved husband—Again she fainted, but by the assistance of her Physicians she was once more restored to life, and the most severe remorse—As they believe, which I then little expected, she may possibly survive the night—I could not repress the impatience I felt to send you this surprizing history—But now, without taking time to make any reflections on what has happened, I
must

208 *The History of JULIA.*

must hasten to attend her, who, in spite of her crimes, demands the highest compassion, since reduced to so melancholy a condition.

I am, Madam, yours, &c.

ISABELLA.

LE T.

L E T T E R XXIV.

To LEONORA.

U N K I N D *Leonora*; have you, too, forgot your unhappy friend? Not answer my letter — Ah, what am I to think of your silence? So much as I stand in need of your condolance, does your heart, once so tenderly awake to all the gentle feelings of friendship and compassion, no longer know to sympathize in my affliction? Is it not enough that my cruel, my inexorable father abandons me; must I lose my friend too? Ah, I am deeply wounded at your unkindness; yet I must write — By
our

our tender amity I conjure you, tell me what I have done to forfeit your esteem? — I weep, *Leonora*; alas! have I not cause? — Your cruelty was alone sufficient; but my father, too, my brother! What a forlorn creature I am — Like you they answer not my letter — I am in despair — What is this unknown crime that draws on me from every one such severe displeasure? — Ah, I shall not long live to be thus hated, thus despised — The good father, my only friend, he alone, amidst this iron age, retains his humanity; pitying my distress, he undertakes a journey to do me all the service in his power — Yes, he will see this obdurate father, will know why

why he thus abandons his unhappy daughter — Perhaps I shall have finished my mournful state of probation ere he returns — But if I die, *Leonora*, remember that I die with unabated tender friendship for you, in spite of your unkindness — Adieu, I weary you with my complaints, which, it is plain, you no longer hear with pity and indulgence.

JULIA.

LET.

L E T T E R XXV.

To LEONORA from ISABELLA.

WOULD you believe it possible, Madam! The Marchioness, reduced to the point of death, is yet, by the mercy of heaven— Ah, do I then regret it! Alas, are then the hopes I was beginning to entertain for your friend, again destroyed! Yet, I surely ought to rejoice, that she is allowed a longer time to evince the sincerity of her repentance—Yes, Madam, the Marchioness is no longer in danger, to the astonishment of her friends. The crisis of her fever was so favourable,

The History of JULIA. 213

ble, that a few weeks will establish her recovery. Never since the moving interview I attempted to describe, has the Marquis been at his house; nor is it known to what part of the world he is retired—As soon as her strength will permit her to be removed, his Lady is determined to return to her seat at ****; there, as she declares, to weep out the remainder of her wretched days, which she dedicates to a constant and severe repentance—She will not suffer even me to attend her, that she may have no body who might be likely to administer that consolation she so little merits—She has, however, generously—(I cannot express the gratitude

titude I feel for the undeserved favour) rendered me independent by a gift far above my hopes, or what I had reason to expect—I have repeatedly besought her to permit me to accompany her in her retirement, but my intreaties are vain, her resolution is fixed—The Baron is in the utmost anxiety in regard to his daughter, who, believing she was confined by his order, sent him no direction to her convent—He knows not—It is better he never should, at whose instigation she was carried off—What would it avail him? And why should his resentment be added to the weight of misery with which the unhappy *Henrietta* is already oppressed?—No, let us pity,
and

and not aggravate her woe — The Chevalier *de Valliere*, there is no describing his emotions when he read his sister's letter; he has ever since been in search of her, having obtained an order from the King, in case they should still endeavour to secrete her, by which he is empowered to make a diligent search in all the nunneries throughout the kingdom — Ah, may that search be successful — The Marchioness *de Sévigné* knows nothing of this, nor that she did not give them a direction to where she is, or she would, I doubt not, sooner betray her own guilt, than suffer them to be longer ignorant of the place she had conveyed her to. As he must, I think,
discover

216 *The History of JULIA.*

discover it by the methods he is pursuing, I shall not interfere, lest I should injure the character of the Marchioness, by being obliged to confess from whom I got my intelligence — Ah, what will it avail that she is restored to her friends? — Her *Sévigné* is lost to her for ever — Adieu, Madam, my duty demands my attendance on the still imperfectly recovered Marchioness.

I am, yours, &c.

ISABELLA.

L E T.

LETTER XXVI.

To LEONORA *from* ISABELLA.

THE lovely suffering *Julia* is released from her confinement, and restored to her rejoicing friends; but lost, for ever lost, to happiness and peace!—The reverend and worthy Ecclesiastic put an end to the long fruitless search of her brother, who now, accompanied by his father, and several of her relations, attended him to the convent—As I was not present, we must imagine the transports of their interview, which, if I had seen, would, doubtless, have been impossible to describe: for

VOL. I.

L

what

what language can paint the raptures she must feel, when, delivered from all her painful anxiety, she found herself in the arms of her—not incensed father, as she imagined—not the cruel author of her melancholy imprisonment; but an affectionate parent, loading her with caresses, and rejoicing in the recovery of his long lost, ever loved child—To see a tenderly esteemed brother, more warm than ever in his professions of friendship, exulting in the virtue of a sister, whose conduct did justice to his sentiments of her, and whose injured fame he might now more undoubtedly vindicate—As the Marchioness, the unhappy Marchioness, was retired to her

her solitary retreat, the Baron, who knows the regard his daughter honours me with, intreated me to be at his house when she returned, and to prolong my visit, till, by my assistance, they had brought her to some degree of resignation, for the loss of a man, she had declared to be so tenderly dear to her—To me was assigned the sad office of informing her, she could no longer hope for, or must love, that ever amiable *Sévigné*, who was now lost to her for ever; the unfortunate husband of another—What a task!—He likewise told me, I might, to mitigate her grief, assure her he would no longer press for a marriage that was her aversion—More

sensible of her worth, by the loss he had so long endured, he would never again deprive himself of her presence; the presence of a child, for whom, till now, he did not know the extent of his affection, by immuring her in a convent—No, she should be restored to Liberty, in every sense of the word—From henceforth, her virtue, her prudence, should be her sole guide, and his security—Thus instructed, I waited their return, impatient to see her, yet dreading to reveal the fatal news—I alone wept, and was distressed amidst the general joy—They came.—Her amiable young sisters ran eagerly to embrace, to welcome the sweet sufferer—I, too, advanced—
My

My *Isabella* here, too! cried she—
This is an unexpected addition to
a happiness, which yet, I thought,
could admit of no increase—My
friend, added she, why this air of
sadness? I must not have your joy
expressed by tears; it is a too solemn
welcome; I would have you, like
me, all extasy and delight. Ah,
you know not what I have suffered,
nor how amply my sufferings are
rewarded; my father, my brother,
they love me, *Isabella*; they have
restored me to that affection which
I so highly value; they promise no
longer to persecute me about a hated
marriage—There is but one thing,
continued she, in a low voice, with
a sweetly blushing smile—But we

will talk of that hereafter—Prepare to answer a thousand, thousand questions — She pressed my hand, and turned to the Chevalier, who stood at some distance, gazing at her with admiration and delight. Indeed, she never looked more lovely; joy had diffused such charms over her expressive countenance, that it was impossible to conceive a more beautiful creature, than she at that moment appeared—The neat simplicity of her dress, too, (for her elegant person stood in need of no ornament,) gave an uncommon air, an unusual grace to her appearance — It is proper to inform you, that in spite of all the enquiries they could make, the authors of her flight are
not

not discovered. The Abbess declares, all she knows of the matter, is from a letter received a few days before the arrival of Mademoiselle *Valliere* at her convent; which informed her, that a young Lady was soon to be brought there, who, deaf to every thing but an ignoble passion, had carried on a clandestine correspondence with her unworthy Lover, which was fortunately discovered by her friends, who immediately took measures to 'get her conveyed to a convent: her's was chosen, and strict orders given, that she should be watchfully guarded, and not suffered to write, even to her father, who was resolved, as the only means to save her from ruin, to prevent her

dishonouring her family; that she should, after her year of probation was expired, take the veil. This was the old Lady's account, and, I believe, all she knew of the affair—The letter was produced, but it made no discovery of the writer. These suspicions, strengthened by what the Marchioness had formerly conjectured, fell, in some measure, on the Count *de Rochefort's* relations; yet, as there are no proofs, and an utter impossibility of their judging with any certainty, no farther enquiry will be made—Our friend's character will be fully vindicated to the world, as the particulars of her story are, by this time, universally known—People are now as eager to vindicate,

The History of JULIA. 225

as they were, some time past, to condemn — The Duke again seeks to renew his addresses—But, alas! I have a more melancholy subject for my pen, which, with reluctance, I am now preparing to enter upon—After a day of joy and festivity, wherein none were more lively, more perfectly happy, than the late mourning *Julia*, she retired to her apartment—One thing only was wanting to compleat her felicity — Did her *Sévigné* still retain the remembrance of his once tenderly beloved *Julia*? — Her eyes had asked me the question an hundred times, before her tongue found an opportunity; but now, at liberty to ease her heart of the load that oppressed it, she eagerly

L 5

befought

besought me to tell her all I knew of that amiable Lover—Ah, speak, *Isabella*, (cried she, with impatience;) Is he still constant, notwithstanding such fatal appearances?—But he will now be undeceived—My father, too—Rejoice with your too happy friend; my greatest obstacles are removed—Yes, (added she, with fervour,) he shall know my tender regard for him—He will be generous—he will partake in my felicity; without that it would be incomplete—Incomplete, did I say?—Alas! without him it would be changed into misery—But speak—Ah! you sigh, *Isabella*—I tremble! What can you mean by that dejected air!—Speak, or I shall die with apprehension—

It

It was not in my power, my tears were all the answer I could make— She saw, she grew pale, and, sinking into a chair— Gracious heaven, (exclaimed she,) he no longer loves me! He abandons me, and gives me up to wretchedness, to never-ending woe! — But tell me all; kill me at once, nor thus prolong my misery — Ah, my amiable friend, cried I, he has been deceived, cruelly deceived — I know he has, (cried she with impatience;) but what of that? it is not yet too late to let him know his error— Ah, yes, interrupted I, (hardly knowing what I said,) it is past; he never can be your's; he is already — your cousin — the most unfortunate husband that

ever bore that name — A husband! (exclaimed she, with a frantic air, raising her voice,) a husband! — Ah, *Sévigné*! Misery and horror! — She fell senseless back in her chair — I endeavoured, and, at last, with difficulty, effected her recovery — She opened her eyes, she gazed on me for a few moments — I was alarmed at the wildness of her looks — At last, Hush, cried she, (starting,) What noise is that? — Ah, if you love me (speaking in a low voice) prevent her coming in — only a few moments — She rose, with quickness in her motion, and, fastening the door; returned to her seat — Now, my Lord — Nay, why this apprehension — (looking attentively, as if listening

listening to somebody, then smiling)
O, I forgive you, Sir—My letters—
I blush; nay, turn away your eyes:
Yes, I must own—But say, May I
depend on your constancy?—(Pausing,
and at last seeming to recollect me,
she arose, and, with infinite sweet-
ness in her looks, wiped, with her
handkerchief, my fast falling tears.)
Isabella, cried she; nay, do not weep,
they will deceive us in spite of all
our care. My poor friend, your
unkind lover—But I will console
you—Come, sit down—I'll sing
some plaintive air, and sooth your
grief—Rest on this bank of flowers—
She seated herself on the carpet—
My sobs choaked my voice when I
attempted to speak—Half closing her
eyes,

230 *The History of JULIA.*

eyes, while an air of inexpressible woe o'erspread her pale, her affecting countenance, she put her spread hand on her breast, and in a soft plaintive voice sung,

By a false swain, and broken vows,

In early youth I die;

Was I to blame because his bride

Was thrice as rich as I?

Then suddenly starting from her melancholy posture, Hark, 'tis he, 'tis he, (raising her voice,) not a word to my father—Ah, cruel *Henrietta*, I would not use you so—You will not let me undeceive my *Sévigné*—One moment, one short moment—My dear, my amiable *Julia*, said I, taking her hand, why do you talk thus? there

is

is nobody here but your afflicted friend—Are you sure of that? cried she, with earnestness—Ah, there he is again; now, now I will speak to him—*Sévigné*, my beloved *Sévigné*—She ran to the door, but without attempting to open it, returned, and standing a few moments silent, as if in meditation, raised her hands and eyes with a look of anguish—Dead, did you say?—my *Sévigné* dead?—O misery, is he then lost to me for ever?—She paused, and drawing near me, with a look of more composure—What is the matter with me, *Isabella*? I am not as I used to be—Alas! no, my *Julia*, said I, embracing her, let me persuade you to lie down; pray take my advice—
She

232 *The History of JULIA.*

She suddenly raised her head, which was reclined on my breast — Give me your handkerchief, *Isabella* ; I cannot bear this pain ; bind it on just here (putting her hand to her forehead)—I was going to do so, but forgetting what she had asked, she flung from me, and retired to some distance, where, standing for a few moments, as if listening to something, she clasped her hands, and letting them hang at their full length, raising her eyes to heaven, with a voice inexpressibly moving, sung

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

My

My lovely, my affecting *Julia*, let me beseech you to be more composed—You know not how you distress me—Nay, but mark me, resumed she, laying her hand on my arm—Alas, I forget what I had to say to you, my Lord—Some other time—Ah, you flatter, smiling; but swear you do not, nor ever will, love her—My dear brother—My *Emilius*, turning hastily round, welcome from the army—Then again, seeming to listen, she screamed, Ah, is he really dead?—Lost, miserable *Julia*!—She flung herself on the carpet—I endeavoured to raise her—My friend, my *Julia*, see my tears; good heavens, how you afflict me—She raised herself

234 *The History of JULIA.*

self on her elbow, increasing wildness in her looks, gazed at me for a moment; then sinking down again, closed her eyes, resuming her melancholy song :

O bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blythe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.

I now thought it necessary to inform some of the family of the way she was in; and ringing for her maid, who was in the next room, ordered her to take care of her Lady, while I went to tell the Chevalier of her melancholy disorder—He waited not to hear half I was going to say, in order to prepare him for the sad scene ;

scene; but on the first hint of her illness, hurried to her apartment — The moment he entered the room, she ran to embrace him — My *Emilius* — Ah, where have you been so long? You know not how they have used your poor *Julia*; but you are come to my deliverance — Quick, then, take me from this hated convent — She left him, and with quickness turning to me, took hold of my arm, leading me to a window — Not a word of you know who — Hush, (putting her hand on my mouth,) how loud you speak — Imprudent *Isabella* — She again went to her brother — Come, sit down, my ever dear *Valliere*; well, and what news from the army? They tell me, that
a certain

236 *The History of JULIA.*

a certain person — He little thinks who I mean, *Isabella*, smiling — I know not what I was going to say, brother — They have teased me till — Ah, my head — I have quite lost my reason since you left me, added she, with a melancholy composure — You want rest, my amiable *Julia*, said the Chevalier, pressing her in his arms — It is late; will not my dear sister — Late did you say, interrupting him, and the Marquis not yet come — Ah, he did not use — She stopped — The Marquis, did you say? cried her brother; I love, I esteem the Marquis; he is to be pitied — Poor *Sévigné*, said she, sighing — He thought it might produce some change in her to continue a conversation about him,

him, and resumed — Yes, my dear, the Marquis is greatly to be pitied; he is very unhappy, and has been so ever since he married our cousin — She started — Married, did you say! — I thought you had known he was my dear — Married, repeated she — Alas, too sure, he is married, my beloved *Julia* — Ah, then, cried she, with a look of despair, I am lost for ever — My *Sévigné*, my inconstant *Sévigné* — She burst into a violent flood of weeping, and continued some time in strong hysterics — We both rejoiced that tears came to her relief, as the most likely means to restore her to some degree of tranquillity. The Chevalier thought it would be proper to send for a physician,

238 *The History of JULIA.*

sician, and went himself to give orders, as well as to acquaint his father of what had happened — They both came into her apartment soon after — Our poor friend was still insensible to every thing but the violence of her grief — It is impossible to express the affliction of her poor sorrowing father — By the advice of the doctors she was blooded, which greatly moderated her violent agitations — They retired — She was put to bed — I continued with her the remainder of the night ; I frequently spoke to her, (for she never closed her eyes to sleep,) but she gave me no answer. Frequent and mournful sighs were, on her part, the only interruption given to our silence — In
this

this sad and afflicting silence she has continued ever since—Her brother scarce leaves her apartment a moment, but all his tender eloquence cannot prevail on her to speak; she is still confined to her bed by an increasing illness—A slow fever, that is insensibly consuming her, and will, I fear, ere long, bring her to an untimely grave—Her father, indeed, all her relations are in the deepest affliction; but none more so than the amiable Chevalier, to whom she is inexpressibly dear—Nothing is omitted that may be likely to restore either her health or tranquillity, but all have hitherto proved ineffectual—The Duke is here daily, and nothing can exceed his tender sollicitude for her

her recovery ; there is a great friendship between that Nobleman and her brother. The latter would rejoice, I believe, could his sister be prevailed on to do justice to her Lover—But, alas, Madam, she will not long mourn either her own disappointed hopes, or give false hopes to others ; death, who already hovers round her couch, will soon, too soon, end her misery, and their successful passions—Adieu, Madam ; I hasten to return to our dying and greatly regretted friend — Believe me yours,

ISABELLA.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



